



John H. H. H.

+ C.108.S.3.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

MARQUIS DE VILLEBON,

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

A

NOVEL

FOUNDED ON FACTS;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MEMOIRS
OF THE
MARQUIS DE VILLEBON.

LETTER XIX.

*The Marquis de Villebon to Monsieur de
Cologne, Jun.*

PREPARE yourself, my dear Cologne,
for a long and sad account of every thing
that relates to me, to my love, and to my
amiable Isabelle: she is not yet able to
take her journey to Bath; however, she
persists in requesting that I will suffer her,
at least, to attempt it by slow degrees: if

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possible,

possible, she shall be obeyed within this week. But now to relate what other sorrows I have had: You may imagine, how anxiously I longed for the return of the family, at Willoughby-Place; and at length I had the satisfaction of hearing that they were actually arrived. I was agitated beyond measure, and in doubt how to act; I began a thousand letters, but none were written to my liking, for this idol of my soul. Isabelle recommended my enclosing a billet to Miss Willoughby, for fear the nerves of my Louisa might be affected, by suddenly seeing my well-known hand-writing. I approved of this precaution, and adopted the plan of addressing the friend, with this alteration, that not being composed to write in a manner sufficiently dispassionate, to Louisa, I would desire her friend to prepare her for the interview; which I did, as follows:

MADAM,

HAVING the supreme
felicity of hearing that my Louisa is
under



under the same roof with yourself, and presuming that she has told you the history of our loves, I beg you to prepare her tender spirits, and infinite sensibility, for an interview, with the most faithful of lovers.

VILLEBON.

The servant immediately brought me, the under-written reply :

SIR,

MISS CONWAY is from home this morning: I have, indeed, often heard you mentioned by her, but I cannot deceive you, by giving you hopes, that she will ever see you again; upon her return she will act as she thinks proper, however.

I am your most obedient

Humble servant,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.

B 2

I can-

I cannot describe to you, my friend, the bitterness of my disappointment, upon receiving this note: I flew out, leaving the letter for Isabelle, or any one else, to read, upon the table: I went to the door of Mrs. Willoughby, like a mad man; I begged to see Miss Willoughby, but being apprehensive of not gaining admittance, if I sent up my name, I begged the servant to tell her that a French gentleman at the cottage, wished for the honor of speaking to her; thinking, as she had only seen me once accidentally, she might not have heard my name. She received me with great civility, and was enquiring for my fair companion, when my eyes were immediately fixed upon another object; I saw my Louisa riding into the Court: I was out in an instant, without at all knowing what I did; and as she was getting off her horse, I clasped her instantly in my arms, and she fainted away. My life almost forsook me, I was affected beyond measure; but the moment I could speak, I said, "Look up my Louisa, look

look up, thou most angelic of women :”

Alas! she was not in a state to look up, or to be sensible of my agitation. Mrs. Willoughby and her niece ran out, and reproved me for my rashness, though in a mild manner, I must confess: I pleaded the violence of my love, and made every excuse possible; I intreated, I went on my knees, in my distraction, and begged of them to allow me to stay long enough, at least, to see her senses restored to her; which they consented to, unwillingly. At length she opened her eyes, and for several minutes fixed them upon me, and then screamed most terribly; this was followed by another fainting fit, which lasted an hour: I leave you to imagine what my feelings were, for I have no words to describe them. Mrs. Willoughby, in the most delicate terms, recommended my returning home; they promised to let me know how she was: they urged the necessity of her going to bed, and being soothed, after the *shock* she had received: I said, “Certainly ladies, certainly take care of

her, but do not say she was *shocked* at seeing me, do not let her faithful Villebon be supposed capable of *shocking* her; impossible!" They seemed very mysterious in their manner; and seeing the treasure of my soul grow worse and worse, I consented to depart, upon their promising, that if she wished to see me, I was to be sent for. I hoped it would have been her wish; I did not, therefore, go far from the house, and sent repeatedly to enquire for her; and the accounts they brought were terrible, the whole day: they told me, that "she was in a high fever, and at moments, delirious." In vain did I intreat to look once upon her; in vain did I urge the constancy of my passion; they were inexorable, and I returned broken-hearted to my sister; she, alas! was but little able to support herself, much less to comfort me: my agonizing look, alarmed her excessively; she embraced me: "My dear, dear brother, you will kill me, you will kill yourself with vexation; I cannot live if you look so wild, and are so wretched; remember a
little

little my sad state of health, and how little equal I am to bear the shock of seeing your despair." The dear faint awakened me, indeed, to a remembrance of her situation; I therefore, as calmly as it was in my power, described to her the scene that had passed; when she at once forgave me, and sympathised with all the tenderness that is peculiar to her amiable disposition. The day following, I flew to Mrs. Willoughby's, where I had the happiness of hearing that the fever had abated, but that she was too weak to say any other than monosyllables, when spoken to; they told me, that if I really had a spark of real affection, I should not *molest* her. You may imagine what I felt at this expression, and I quitted the house, after exclaiming, " Good Heavens, ladies, *molest* Louisa! Oh, no, indeed! I would not annoy her, or intrude here, for the world; but I cannot comprehend, what there can be so tremendous in me: I could not help attributing our meeting to quite a different cause, from having shocked her, and even yet, I hope she will unde-

ceive you, if it should please God to restore her;" and now Madam, said I to Mrs. Willoughby, " I beg to offer ten thousand apologies for the intrusion the excess of my love, and the violence of my distress, has been the means of my committing."

Oh, my friend! what will become of me? certainly I shall verify Isabelle's predictions, and lose my senses, or die a martyr to love.

With what indifference have I heard of the loss of my estates, and how little did I regard being deprived of honors; all seemed a mere bubble, and not worth a thought, as there was sufficient preserved to procure comforts for Isabelle; but the uncertainty I experienced respecting my love, has been almost too much for me; and just when I fondly hoped I was getting towards the summit of happiness, to be plunged at once into so much misery again. I am afraid that Englishman has gained her from me; that will turn my
brain,

brain, I am sure it will: Isabelle begs to go and speak for me to her when she is able to go out, and Louisa to admit any one. We at least wish to hear why I am become so very *terrific* to her. Isabelle begs to be kindly remembered to you, and I am your's, most cordially,

VILLEBON.



LETTER XX.

From the same to the same.

MY DEAR COLOGNE,

My Isabelle has not been able to go to Willoughby-Place; for six days elapsed before I got any intelligence at all of Miss Conway's situation, and I then understood that she had been brought down stairs. I shall not *molest* her any more, till she is able to go out, and then I shall certainly write, and request at least, an explanation of this enigma. My sister seems better than she was within this day or two; which I impute to my having been less agitated than usual: it is the only thing, in my adver-

adversity, that could have given me a minute's relief: she is just come to tell me, that the ladies have been airing to day, and I shall therefore write to Louisa: if her love for me, is not *quite* gone, she will be happy to receive it; if it is, why surely she cannot be agitated by seeing any thing I send her. Adieu; never was a heart so ill at ease, as your unhappy friend's,

VILLEBON.



LETTER XXI.

The Marquis de Villebon to Louisa.

I HAVE waited, thou treasure of my soul, till I could have the felicity of hearing that you were able to go out, lest I should *shock* you, (the term used by your cruel relatives) by my well-known hand-writing; I hope the happy moment is not far off, when you will admit to your presence the lover who has so long and so faithfully doated upon you. Where have you been, my love? what has befallen you since that evening, when we last exchanged vows at poor Monsieur de Grammont's; (whose

(whose fate, as well as his incomparable wife's, I have but lately heard,) did we not vow there, that, let what would happen, nothing *sublunary* should separate us. Oh! say that you are still determined to keep the vows offered in the face of Heaven. I am dying with suspense; send one word of comfort to the faithful

VILLEBON.



LETTER XXII.

Miss Conway to the Marquis de Villebon.

SIR,

I SHALL briefly give you the information you require: I have been very ill a long time, but I was mending, till I had the *shock* which seeing you so suddenly occasioned to me: I left Paris with my friend Miss Selway, as soon as we could escape; I shall make no remarks upon vows, so long ago exchanged, or so entirely set aside; nor will I touch upon the sorrow your perfidy occasioned me: it is all over, do not make my wounds bleed afresh, by insulting me, but quit this country, or avoid

LOUISA CONWAY.

LETTER XXIII.

Answer.

INSULT Louisa! Quit the Country! What do I read! Am I to avoid you? Am I then spoken of as so perfidious? Oh heavens, take pity upon me, your words are daggers to me. Do you love another, my Louisa? be sincere with me, if that is the case: is that Englishman, whom you were wont to favor so much, is he become my happy rival? If it must be so, let me only know it, and I will bear it like a man; it is my suspense that I cannot bear; the darkness that I am in distracts me: if you will not
tell

tell me what has occurred to make me so odious to you, let me send my Isabelle, my dear companion, who has long divided with me all my sorrows: you may venture to pour into her gentle ear, truths that might kill me, if they did not come through such a medium. Suffer me to send her, let her pave the way for our having one interview. I know not how to address you: it is not now *my Louisa*, but *Miss Conway* that I write to; no longer *my love*, on whom I have doated with the firmest, the most delicate affection.

VILLEBON.



LETTER XXIV.

Miss Conway to the Marquis de Villebon.

SIR,

THE proposition contained in your last, is more insulting, than I even thought you capable of; leave me in peace Monsieur, for God's sake, do not thus oppress me; you have no pity, no compassion: I must fly you, I must tear myself away from my beloved friends, to avoid the insults of the most perfidious, and ungrateful of his sex.

LOUISA CONWAY.

LETTER XXV.

Marquis de Villebon to Monsieur de Cologne.

SHE is gone my friend! God knows to what place; I have not had courage yet to enquire even; she wrote me one or two cruel notes, in answer to the most tender intreaties; I sent for an explanation, and, in her last, she threatened to leave her Aunt's: she called me perfidious, and made use of other epithets, as little belonging to my character or conduct towards her; I could not bear it; I flew to Willoughby-Place the next morning, for it was late at night she sent me her last bitter lines; when

when I arrived, I had the mortification to hear, that she and Miss Willoughby had left the place, and for some time, the servant said he believed, as they had taken a great deal of clothes.

I sent up my name to the Aunt, and begged to speak one word to her; she sent down a message, with her compliments, " That she had been so agitated by the distress of her Niece, and the farewell she had just taken of her, that she was not able to see any company, and therefore she must decline the honor I intended her."

I returned to Isabelle in such despair, and so absorbed in grief, that she was extremely alarmed; I flung myself into a chair, clasped my two hands together, and sat in that posture for hours. I was absolutely in a stupor, nor did I see the earnest, the distressed look of my poor sister, till she forced down a glass of wine, upon which, I perceived her tears flowing,
and

and her heart seemed almost broke; I swallowed the wine, and she insisted upon my immediately going to bed, nature being exhausted nearly; I at length yielded to her intreaties; and actually fell asleep; though when I awoke I did not feel refreshed as usual after a fatigue of body only, still I was certainly more able to endure the misery that rushed into my mind; I felt severely the cruelty and selfishness of my conduct to the best of sisters, whose health and spirits were perpetually harrassed by the trials she had to undergo for me. I took a walk out, I endeavoured to reason myself into a conduct more manly, I was ashamed of my behaviour; yet who could support the sort of treatment I received, without being even told how I had deserved it. If Louisa had but told me the worst; if she is engaged, or even attached to another, I could have better supported the intelligence, (heart-rending as it would be) than to be thus kept in doubt; however, I determined, for the sake of my sister, to
calm

calm my troubled spirit, and accordingly I put as much sincerity into my countenance as it was possible, when I returned from walking.

My Isabelle, therefore, concluded that I had met with some good tidings (as I am sorry to own, I had not been accustomed to consider her feelings so much;) she enquired, with eagerness, the happy occasion of my placid look; "She hoped——" I said, "Hope nothing Isabelle, but from my fortitude, and love of you; I am still a wretch, without a hope, but I will no more annoy you with my misery; it is time, my love, that your health alone is considered; we will, as soon as we can settle our little affairs here, quit this country, and go to Bath, where my only remaining hope is, that the waters may agree with you." I hope, my dear Cologne, we shall shortly meet there; I will not, in the mean time, send you any more of my dull epistles: I know you love me,
and

and will forgive me. All now I have to hope, is for the recovery of my poor oppressed Isabelle.

Your's ever,

VILLEBON.



LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Freeman.

London.

DEAR CHARLES,

YOU always told me, I was the most matter-of-fact dull fellow, in the world, by way of correspondent, and I allow the remark ; do not think that I should write to you after it, if I had not something particular to communicate.

You either were, or affected to be, extremely interested for the beauty in the garret, at Swansea : you know General Gordon was a friend of my father's, and I made a point of seeing him. I was deter-

determined to find out, if his son's marriage was known to him ; I enquired after " the Captain," he shook his head, and said, " He is very well Mr. Wentworth, but he has almost broke my heart ; he has formed a connexion with a vulgar, low-bred girl, in Wales, and it is a doubt with me, whether they are not actually married ; she drew him in, I conclude : it is a mortifying thing, for a man of my family, and fortune, to see his son fling himself away, in so dreadful a manner. If he had married a chamber-maid, with the manners of a modest woman, or at least had been different from what I am told this girl is, I should, when the thing was done, have forgiven him ; but a gentleman of my acquaintance went to Swansea, at my desire, to make enquiries, and heard that she was the most impudent, vulgar, over-dressed girl, that ever was seen, and in love with a shop-keeper there, so that my blockhead of a son, has made a fine choice ; he is a charming dupe, but if he has married her, I will disinheret him ; I wish he had a
bro-

brother:" it cuts me to the soul, that he should have such a want of pride.

I suffered him to end his soliloquy and when all his complaints were exhausted, I told him, that though his son was certainly married, it was to no such person as had been described to him; that in birth, there was no doubt, but she was greatly Captain Gordon's inferior, but that she was altogether one of the handsomest and most accomplished young women that he could imagine; that a friend of mine (meaning Danby) was extremely in love with her, and that I would shew him a copy I had of her letter to him; that I myself lodged all the summer in her mother's house; and added many more comfortable et-ceteras, that made the old General's eyes sparkle with joy.

He could scarcely refrain from tears; I never saw a countenance so cheered in an instant; I gave him an exact account of all that had passed within my knowledge,

and he was in extasies. He appointed to call upon me the next morning, in order to see Mrs. Gordon's letter to Danby; and he read it with great pleasure. He condemned the conduct of her cruel mother, and even censured his son for suffering such a woman to remain so long in oblivion and in confinement, and could by no means, as he had married her, account for his silence. In short, he was quite in raptures, instead of being in the despondency that I found him first. He said, she should come and live with him: he sat down, and wrote her the kindest letter, filled with apologies for the sentiments her union with his son had at first inspired him with; and offered to send his house-keeper, in his own carriage, to attend her to his house, which should, as long as she chose it, be her home.

Nothing could be more polite or affectionate than the General's letter: "I know," said he, "Mr. Wentworth, every thing you say is to be depended upon, and you have

have made me very easy now upon this account. I long to hear how this amiable young woman bears her prosperity, and what effect having her hopes respecting Mr. *Simpkins* frustrated, will have upon Mrs. *Llewelyn*."

I hope, my dear Charles, if you really are reformed, as you assure us, that Bath has been propitious to your love: Miss Selway is *rather* too good for you, I must own: perhaps you and the fair lady may be of a different opinion.

I was very agreeably surprised a little time ago, by seeing Miss Conway at the Opera, and she was quite well, and in very tolerable spirits.

Would you believe it, that Danby, who was with me, *cut her*, as he calls it; he has been finely laughed at by us: he was in the act of talking to the Duchefs of E——, when Miss Conway made him a courtesy, and that, I know, was the cause, the vulgar

occasion of his ill-breeding: I could inveigh an hour upon this sort of conduct, so common at present in high life, but I really am not in spirits to write any more; I feel unhinged, although very well satisfied with what I have done for the poor beauty, in the attic story.

Adieu, your's truly,

EDWARD WENTWORTH.



LETTER XXVII.

The Answer.

MY DEAR WENTWORTH,

I AM extremely pleased with what you have done for poor Mrs. Gordon; I am very much surpris'd that her husband never went near her, and has not endeavour'd to find her out, or relieve her from her irksome situation; it will be a sad thing, if he should repent now of his marriage.

My love does not exactly go on in the train that I could wish, though it has by no means decreased, by seeing her among a world of other belles. Dress improves

her wonderfully, and I do assure you, she is very much admired, and has innumerable followers: she is very much taken up at present with the French gentleman who brought her and *your friend* over; and although he is five-and-twenty years at least older than her, I am very jealous really of the attention she shews him. I cannot conceive it possible for any man, at any time of life, being much with her without being in love, she is so uncommonly animated, and agreeable: you know how immediately, upon my first seeing her, I was enamoured of her; Stanhope can bear testimony also of my constancy; and if she will not take pity upon me, I shall certainly break my heart, let my beard grow, and turn hermit. By-the-bye he writes me word, that he has given up his enamorata, as she has preferred a coxcomb of our acquaintance to him; no less a person than Dashwood; but I conclude, you know all this from himself: I am not a little amused at Danby's impertinence; that is a sort of thing, I never did in my life,

life, though I confess, I have flunk by a country cousin *now and then*, who made rather a rustic appearance in London; but I always endeavoured as much to avoid being seen by the fair one, as the world's seeing I had that style of acquaintance: this now, I think, a little preposterous; your piano friend being treated in that manner, is to me quite unaccountable. She is hourly expected here, I understand, and I conclude, the intelligence will bring a certain friend of mine that shall be nameless. I have a thousand fears about Miss Selway, but the most prevailing idea now is, that she is indifferent to me: I am no favorite with her mother, that I have had enough penetration to discover, and she is one of your very dutiful daughters, watching the very cast of Mrs. Aubrey's eye. Aubrey is a very good fellow himself, and not so mighty reserved as we fancied at Swansea, if you remember: he is at present confined with the gout, which annoys me, even more than it does him, as my beauty stays at home to nurse, and

to read to him. I called upon him this morning, and upon parting, we shook hands, and I told him, that I hoped from my soul the paroxysm would soon leave him, and I never spoke so true a word in my life.

Who do you think, Wentworth, has this moment been here, to pay me a visit? Mr. and Mrs. Llewelyn; they just came, she said, "to Bath upon a little business, and seeing my name upon one of the subscription books, she fancied it was me, and just called, when she saw by my servants, that she was right in her conjectures." She really looked beauteous, all bedizen'd with new purchases: I had not patience long to talk to her, without enquiring for *Mrs. Gordon*. "Gordon, Sir!" says she; "Oh dear, that was the name of some man that wrote love-letters to my daughter, and made her treat poor dear Mr. Simpkins so cruelly; but I stopped all letters from him, and they were shameful letters, enough to turn the head of any girl;

girl; such a pack of romances, and fine sentences, just for all the world, as if he had been writing in a novel. Then Sir, he came to see her, forsooth, and that I read in his letter, and I made our maid speak to him, and tell him, that Miss was gone to London, to an Aunt's. (And I have a sister there, Sir, where she shall go when she buys her wedding clothes,) Well, he went away uttering some very *seditions* words, as they call them, and declared he would follow her, and find her out: I was diverted at that, you know, Sir, as if he could find out such a girl as she, in such a great city as London." Thus did she run on, when I thought it full time, to tell the woman all I knew, and I related every syllable from first to last; and when I had seen what sort of impression the affair made upon her, when under the General's displeasure, I then took out of my drawer your letter: I never saw a little stupid woman so enraging, in all my life; she was *petrified* with astonishment, and her husband never offered to say a word, till she

broke silence. "Well, my dear Mr. Llewelyn, here is a fine kettle of fish, here is a-do!" "Ah, my dear, there is indeed," said he; "What can we do now?" "What is to be done," said she, "but be patient, and write to poor dear Mr. Simpkins, and tell him all: lackaday! how will he be able to bear it." "But Madam," said I, "do not you think your daughter has played her cards very well, to marry General Gordon's son?" "No indeed," said she, "I hate soldiers amazingly, and I hate parting with my daughter, and I think she was a most undutiful creature, to even speak to a red coat, when she knew my dislike of them." "But," said I, "you know Mrs. Llewelyn that it cannot now be undone, whether you like it or no; and if you would take my advice, you would return home to Swansea immediately, and make it up with her, and prepare for her journey to the General's: it will be very absurd in you not to forgive her, as he has forgiven his son. What do you say, Captain?"

tain?" said I. Mr. Llewelyn looked at his wife, and upon seeing that she had unknit her brow, he said, "My dear, suppose we take the gentleman's advice, and forgive our child, she has married her betters." Mrs. Llewelyn at last consented to be merciful, and I shook hands with them, and they took their leave, to my great joy, for I was dead tired of my visitors. They went off as happy together as if she had married Mr. Simpkins himself. There is one thing I cannot make out, which is, who the person could be, who gave the General such an erroneous account of the young lady; surely *Mr. Simpkins* must have employed some one for this purpose; for in the whole story, I see no enemy she had, but the one her perfections occasioned the envious Mrs. Evelyn to be. With hopes of your being soon to join the party, I will conclude myself, your very faithful friend,

CHARLES FREEMAN.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miss Willoughby to Mrs. Willoughby.

Bath.

MY DEAREST MADAM,

I AM sure you will be glad to hear that my dear cousin bore her journey tolerably, though of course she is still very weak, after all that has passed, and from the exertion so immediately, that travelling must be to her. Her spirits were very indifferent upon the road; she could not help now and then fancying, there must be a degree of madness in Monsieur de Villebon; and she thinks that remorse for his ill usage in abandoning her, has turned his head, as he made such wild proposals.

posals, and talked so much of his constancy. She hopes you will give strict charge, that no one of your family mentions to what place we are come, for she really is afraid it will kill her, to see any thing more of him. Miss Selway was delighted beyond measure at seeing her friend, and we were mutually glad to be introduced to one-another: she is a lovely young woman, and has a countenance so brilliant, that you may almost guess every word she means to say. Mrs. Aubrey received me with great politeness, and she has for the second time, undertaken to cure my dear Louisa: she has promised she will not give way to reflection, but will suffer us to drag her out, wherever we please. Sir Thomas Stanhope and Mr. Wentworth, I see to-day are among the arrivals.

I was of opinion with Miss Selway, till this late fatal rencontre, that the latter gentleman was gaining great ground with my dear cousin; but alas! he will, I am afraid, find her sadly altered in her manner,
from

from when she was in London last, actually entering a little into our amusements. Oh, poor dear soul, how sorry I am for her, and I cannot help pitying the Marquis, for whatever he has done, his sufferings now are lamentable. The whole affair is very sad, and I wish, though it is rather out of date now to be sure, that fortune had been more propitious to her love. I am very much afraid as he is in England, that she will stumble upon him again somewhere: I feel for his poor lady, I conclude he married from interest, or obedience to his Aunt; and yet how can that be, when Louisa saw him run off with her. I will not, my dear Madam, annoy you with my *guessees* or surmises upon this unfortunate subject; hitherto I have seen nobody, and have been so entirely taken up with my cousin's sufferings, that I can have nothing else to speak of. I will now therefore, take my leave, wishing you health and good spirits, till I have the happiness of seeing you again. Louisa joins me in most respectful regards, and
says,

says, she can never make any atonement,
for being the occasion of so much trouble
and uneasiness to you. Adieu,

Your most affectionate Niece,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.



LETTER XXIX.

Mrs. Willoughby to Miss Willoughby.

Willoughby-Place.

I AM very thankful, my dear girl, for the welcome account of your safe arrival, and of our dear Louisa's being so tolerable. I am very sorry to acquaint you, that the Marquis de Villebon is removed to Bath, as I tremble lest it should be the occasion of more distressing scenes to our unfortunate relative: you had better put her upon her guard, on this intelligence reaching you. I will tell you how I came to know the motions of these French people: I was driving out, and I saw at the window

window of their cottage, a paper pasted up with " Lodgings to let ;" and I had curiosity to stop, and ask to speak to the person of the house ; from whom I learned, that the young Marquis, *and his sister*, were gone to Bath, as her apothecary had recommended it, as the last and only chance of her life being saved ; how very extraordinary it is, that he should call *her sister* ; I do not ever recollect hearing, that she was or was not, but I believe we concluded, that they were a married couple ; and of course, I thought it was the same young lady, that he took over the wall, at the Convent. If she should prove his sister ! and yet, I do not recollect, in all the story, Miss Conway's naming such a person. It is my sincere wish, and this lodging woman has given me hopes, that she may be only his sister : do not keep me in suspense, if any thing should come to light.

Lady Edgemore and Mrs. Penton called here a day or two after you left us, and
were

were very curious to learn the cause of your very sudden departure; I eased them by saying, "I had always expected you to pay Miss Selway a visit, before I could hope for the great pleasure of seeing her here." They touched upon your *partiality* for Mr. Dashwood; her Ladyship said, "she was very sorry that you had bestowed your heart upon him, as it was in one of the papers, that he had eloped with a Mrs. Somerville, a woman of forty, with a most amiable husband and six beautiful children." I told her Ladyship, that, so far from having lost your heart to him, that I believed you despised him above all men living; that at first, you only laughed at him as a vain coxcomb, but that you had long held him in contempt, as a very mischievous and abandoned fellow. "Her Ladyship said, she was rejoiced to hear it;" and Mrs. Pen-ton said, "Dear me, dear me, how your Ladyship and I were misinformed upon the occasion." Whether they believed me or Mr. Dashwood, I cannot tell, nor do

do I care, as the infamous step he has just taken, will clear you most compleatly in the eyes of those you value, and the tongue of slander cannot any how be stopped. Adieu, my dear Sophia.

Affectionately your's,

ELEANOR WILLOUGHBY.



LETTER XXX.

Sir Thomas Stanhope to Mr. Dashwood.

Bath.

SIR,

YOUR conduct is in every respect so abandoned, and so contemptible, that I am almost ashamed of addressing you; but I cannot let your villainy pass over uncorrected. You have taken liberties with a most amiable young lady's character, and have injured me most materially, and I *insist* upon satisfaction: I will meet you any where you will appoint, and

and unless you go upon your knees, and
own every word you have said, to be false,
you shall be treated as you deserve, by
Sir,

Your humble servant,

THOMAS STANHOPE.



LETTER XXXI.

Mr. Dashwood to Sir Thomas Stanhope.

DEAR STANHOPE,

I AM sorry if I have caused any uneasiness to you ; it was certainly only a frolic, when I boasted of Miss Willoughby's (for I conclude that is the young lady you mean) being in love with me, &c. &c. She piqued me several times, by laughing at me before twenty people, and afterwards, behaved at her Aunt's to me like a boarding-school Miss, when I had taken a bet that I should carry her to Lady Edgemore's ball : these I say were the things, that drew down my vengeance
upon

upon her, but I forgive her now, and you may rely upon it, I shall never name her again. At present, *meeting you*, would be very inconvenient; I have Mr. Somerville *to meet*, for living at present with his wife, who, *entre nous*, I am dead sick of: I wish the sex knew how thoroughly we despise them, as soon as they have given up themselves in this sort of way to us, and that any trouble is likely to be occasioned upon their accounts. At present I have a law suit and a sword impending over me for this little eccentric trip with an old married woman, who *had been* handsome twenty years before I set my eyes upon her. Pray make my apologies to the young lady, and believe me,

Your's truly,

GEORGE DASHWOOD.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir Thomas Stanhope to Mr. Dashwood.

SIR,

You may suppose that your contradicting what you had before asserted, has given me all the satisfaction I require, but you have grossly deceived yourself; I had heard it before contradicted, and had believed you to be the liar and scoundrel you have proved yourself; but I wanted to bring you, Sir, in presence of the lady you injured by your abuse and impertinence, to beg forgiveness; and if you do not this, I will kick you to atoms, wherever I can find you. I do not expect

pect that to be *a difficult matter* ; for a man who has acted as you have done, who could have gained the *entrée* of a worthy man's house, in order to disturb his peace, and to wound him in the keenest part ; I say, a villain who is capable of these transactions, is certainly likely to be a coward. The levity with which you speak of both these manœuvres, convinces me that you are the most hardened, unprincipled wretch living. I defy you to escape me, and I charge you to give me further satisfaction.

THOMAS STANHOPE.



LETTER XXXIII.

Answer.

Dover.

I AM just going with my aged charmer, to take refuge among the *Sans Culottes*; a little boat will *carry* us out of your reach, and the *much to be pitied* Mr. Somerville; when his rage and your's are subsided, I will restore to her country his wife, and will shake hands with you; for fighting, as you seem to insinuate, is quite out of my line.

Your's truly,

GEORGE DASHWOOD.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss Willoughby to Mrs. Willoughby.

Bath.

MY DEAR AUNT,

I COMMUNICATED to my cousin your intelligence, as soon as I saw her composed enough to hear the Marquis's name, and she seemed vastly agitated upon the word *sister*, being used by the person who lets the cottage, near us. As yet, we have neither seen, nor heard any thing of them: you may suppose, she keeps very much within, which by no means agrees with her, but she dreads meeting him, and I am sure I dread it too: she makes us all go to the amusements, in order, *as she says,*

D 2 to

to bring her home chit chat; but I suspect it is simply, from the kind motive of wishing not to debar us from any entertainment; and she actually seems to listen with attention to the accounts we bring home from the Rooms, &c. &c. And now, my dearest Aunt, I must talk to you a little of myself: I believe I mentioned in my last, that Sir Thomas Stanhope and Mr. Wentworth were arrived, and of course we met very soon; for in Bath, in one hour you see every body in the town.

Mr. Wentworth desired at the Rooms, that I would give him leave to introduce Sir Thomas Stanhope to me, who could not venture, after his manner to me in London, to solicit *himself* the honor of my hand; *I gave him permission*, and most willingly, my dear Aunt, (begging your pardon, for not asking your leave first.) He took an opportunity of mentioning to me, "How cruelly he had been deceived,
and

and hoped I would forgive the effects of Mr. Dashwood's inventions."

I endeavoured to *pardon him* with as much coolness as possible, but I was apprehensive; he *said* it was more agreeable to be friends with him, than to be at variance: he likewise intreated that I would allow him to call upon me, but I said, "*that*, I could *not* consent to, as I was upon a visit at Mr. Aubrey's, and moreover, I did not think you would approve of gentlemen paying so young a girl visits." He bowed, and said, "I must hope, as Mr. Aubrey is the particular acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Freeman, to gain somehow, admittance, for I wish, my dear Miss Willoughby, to speak to you more at my ease, than it is possible in a room like this." I made no reply, for in truth, I could think of nothing to say, and I am no hypocrite; I danced on, therefore, my dear Aunt, with more than even my usual glee, and Sir Thomas seemed more animated and agree-

able than ever. He said little, at that time, of Mr. Dashwood, or the letters that had, in London, passed between us; but the next morning Mr. Wentworth brought him to Mr. Aubrey's, who was shocked beyond measure, at hearing that Louisa saw no company; he was so extremely shocked, that he was obliged to leave the room, and I was just going to see for Mr. Aubrey, (who was not in the drawing room) when Sir Thomas Stanhope took the opportunity of our being together, to declare himself in so many words my lover: I was a great deal confused indeed, my dear Aunt, and neither able to look or to speak. What a difference is it to a young woman, to have to give a refusal, or to have to confess, (or rather to make it appear) that she designs accepting proposals: I really was quite distressed, and he very *modestly* said, "He hoped he might interpret my silence into compassion, for what he had undergone upon my account, owing to the falsehoods invented by that puppy and rascal,

rascal, Dashwood." He said, "He had brought him to confess his baseness, but that, as he was obliged to make off upon another occasion, he had not humbled him, as yet, in the manner he hoped he should." I then took the opportunity of speaking; I said, "He would oblige me beyond measure, by never either thinking of, or naming that man again, that he had quite done away my resentment, by having cleared me to Sir Thomas Stanhope." Just then Mr. Aubrey came in, and very awkward was it *for me*, after what had passed, to introduce him to my friend, but I was obliged to do it; I said, "Mr. Wentworth, Sir, brought Sir Thomas Stanhope here, in order to present his particular friend to you, but having quitted the room rather abruptly, has left the office to me." Mr. Aubrey received him very politely, and immediately invited him to dine the next day, to meet his two friends. What will poor Louisa do? she cannot appear, I am sure, to Mr. Wentworth. He then made his excuses for

leaving us *tete à tete*, but said, "The ladies were waiting for him on the parade."

This gave Sir Thomas an opportunity of acquainting me of his intentions having been to have waited upon me at Willoughby-Place, if Mr. Freeman had not informed him of my being here; he intreated that I would give him hopes, for he had already suffered amazingly upon my account: he mentioned that he *had* been very gay and expensive, but that the selling one estate, had set all matters to rights, and that he could say that he had three thousand pounds a year unincumbered; that he would make any settlement you might require: when I stopped him, by intreating he would say no more, till I had asked your opinion, as I was one of those dutiful nieces, that could not bring myself to decide upon such a very important subject, without the sanction of the dear friend, with whom I had always lived, and in whom I had so long confided.

This

This sort of speech, though it gave him, I hope, a perfect notion of the respect I should shew to your advice, certainly gave him to understand that the objection must come from you, *if there were any*. I most sincerely hope, unless you know any very oftenfible objections, that you will not forbid my accepting Sir Thomas Stanhope's propofals, as I do assure you candidly, my dear Aunt, that I have ever felt a *little* prejudiced in his favor, and the more I hear of him, and the oftener we meet, the more perfuaded I am, that his faults were only upon the surface: he is *au fond*, a most excellent young man.

My poor Louisa is very much distressed at our having company, and for poor Mr. Wentworth, who she had long felt for, and I was in hopes that in time she would have rewarded him for the constancy of his attachment, but now that hope is at an end; I am sure she will never think of marrying, when the Marquis de Villebon is still able to put her in

such a terrible situation ; it shews, that in spite of herself, he has her heart. I should be obliged to you for your answer as soon as possible, for I do not think it right to keep Sir Thomas Stanhope long in suspense. I am with usual good wishes, Your's most gratefully, and affectionately,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.



LETTER XXXV.

Mrs. Willoughby to Miss Willoughby.

YOU have my permission, my dear girl, to use entirely your own judgment upon the present important occasion: I have, as well as yourself, heard Sir Thomas Stanhope's gaities censured, but if they really are at an end, (which Lord Edgemoore was saying, in indifferent conversation, since you left us,) I should be sorry to thwart your wishes, in an affair that so materially concerns your happiness in life. He certainly has demonstrated much attachment to you, and I only hope to interfere in two things: that he should make it clear to Mr. Aubrey, that a *mistress* I know

he has kept, *is off his hands*, and that he actually *has* the fortune remaining that he alledges. You will think me possibly, a very illiberal old maid, but believe me, my dear, I have *reasons* for what I say, and being under a promise not to tell them, you will only oblige me by acting as I request; I shall at the same time own to you, that though these doubts have been *raised* in my breast, they were not by a person that I put implicit confidence in; but I should wish to have it *clearly proved*, that there is no guile nor fault remaining in the favored lover of my darling child. You possibly may prefer Mrs. Aubrey's asking her husband to stand your friend in this matter, it certainly will be less awkward, and more satisfactory to me.

I have had a visit this morning from Madame de Louvre and her little girl; they enquired most kindly for you; she said, "The Marquis de Villebon and his sister were gone to Bath:" I said, "Is that his sister, it was generally understood here,

here, that he was her husband :” Madame de Louvre said, “ I do not know how that happened, for we could have told otherwise, but it is only lately that we knew they were in our neighbourhood : he never was married ; this sister lived at Laufanne with her Aunt, and I never happened to hear why she left her.”

This proof positive of *her* not being his wife, at least, will I hope be satisfactory to my dear Louisa ; though I confess I cannot in any way conceive how he is to be cleared, after what she saw with the nun ; time must unravel this mystery, and I hope ere long, for the suspense she is now in, will kill her.

Mrs. Penton calls here very often, and I hate talking to her, she is so prying, and so evidently comes to pick up news *for my lady* ; you may depend upon it, she gains her ends but poorly by me, who *never* was a gossip, and am just now taken up entirely with the thoughts of my dear
neices ;

neices; the affliction and illness of one, and the prospect of losing my elève, the dear child that has been my comfort and amusement for so many years. God bless you.

ELEANOR WILLOUGHBY.



LETTER XXXVI.

Miss Willoughby to Mrs. Willoughby.

Bath.

MY DEAR AUNT,

I CANNOT talk of *myself*, I have so much to relate of my dear, dear cousin: the gentlemen of her acquaintance dined here, and Louisa was prevailed upon to admit Mr. Wentworth to her presence; he went in with me, and sat with her before dinner, and he was evidently shocked at the alteration, but he concealed his emotions to the utmost of his power; however, nothing, you know, can be lost to his penetrating eye, and she looked as if she saw his concern; she said, "Do not, dear, good

good Mr. Wentworth, be unhappy for me ; my life cannot last long, and I am so wretched, that the sooner I go, the better for my friends." He was sensibly affected, but the *promise* he had made, together with my being present, I suppose made him refrain from expressing all the tenderness, which, it was too evident, was passing in his breast ; I really thought he would have burst, he was so much affected. (She really looks worse than ever, and grows so thin !) I am afraid, the thoughts of being in the same town with the Marquis, occasions particularly her agitation. But to proceed : Mr. Wentworth recommended her taking air ; she said, " She had reasons for not going out, which it was impossible to state ;" he said, " He did not mean to dive into her motions, but if she had a dislike to walking out in Bath, he advised her going out in a carriage, airing ;" which, she said, " She would do," upon my joining him fervently in the intreaty. She therefore, promised to go out the next day, and he
then

then returned to the gentlemen. Mrs. Aubrey and her lovely daughter came in, and we all endeavoured to cheer Louisa, with talking of the belles and beaux, with which Bath is abounding, but in vain: *since* she has been told of the Marquis being here, she has not been able even to affect being amused.

The next morning Mrs. Aubrey ordered her chaise, and we three young people went together upon the Bristol road: we happened to meet Mr. Freeman and Mr. Wentworth riding; the latter endeavoured to persuade Louisa, that, if she objected to walking in Bath, she should get out there, and enjoy the fresh air; to which, at last, she consented: he helped her out of the chaise, and she took Miss Selway's arm, and Mr. Wentworth's, at our earnest intreaty. She had not felt refreshed ten minutes, before we were met by a chaise, in which, unhappily, was the Marquis de Villebon airing with *his sister*; she knew them in an instant, and as soon as they were

were passed, she fell upon Mr. Wentworth's arm in a fainting fit: we were most disagreeably situated, and not able to make any remark to one another. Mr. Wentworth at once recollected the face of Villebon, and was not at a loss for the cause of her present illness. We put her, as soon as it was safe, into the chaise: she did not speak the whole way: Wentworth rode by the side of the chaise till we arrived, and she then, in the kindest manner, kissed her hand to him, and shook her head.

We were obliged to put her to bed as soon as we got in, and to relate to Mrs. Aubrey what had passed, who of course condoled with us extremely, upon the little prospect now there is of this dear woman's recovery.

We have to-day had a visit from Monsieur de Cologne and his son; the latter wished particularly to be introduced to Miss Conway, but I told him, " That she

was

was so ill, that it would not be possible to even carry in her friend and protector, his father ; and that I was sure no stranger could even be named to her." He said, " She is going to be married, is she not, to a Mr. Wentworth ?" I said, " I did not know that she was." Mr. Aubrey intreated the French gentlemen to dine, but they declined it : Monsieur de Cologne said, " In a sick house, company could not be at all desirable ;" and the son excused himself, saying, " He also had a sick friend to comfort, the Marquis de Villebon, who was very ill, as well as his sister, and they were his particular friends."

Of course I have not been able to speak of Sir Thomas Stanhope, or to hear one word he has attempted to say : the situation of my poor dear Louisa quite disheartens me ; I long as much as you do for an éclaircissement, but she herself is so *satisfied* as to his guilt, that she does not even indulge a hope of any thing favorable being brought to light ; she only wishes

wishes to be well enough to quit Bath, as the ill health of *his* sister will keep him there. I will write again, my dear Madam, if I should be so happy as to have any thing better to relate, otherwise, I shall wait till the intelligence you require respecting Sir Thomas Stanhope, can be obtained for you.

I am your most dutiful and

Affectionate Niece,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.



LETTER XXXVII.

The Marquis de Villebon to Miss Conway.

CRUEL Louisa! Oh, why would you not at once tell me you preferred another? I should have regretted it, possibly it might have killed me, but it would have been more decisive, and less afflicting and tormenting, than the suspense I have endured; not to mention that I have almost broke my sister's heart. Happy Wentworth! favored Englishman! I always feared that he would be my rival: all now I have to ask is, that you will return to me the packets that I have from time to time sent you, since I took my sister from the convent. I should be sorry
your

your husband saw the expressions of love, of hope, of suspense, of fear; in short, I would not be laughed at, by you *both* perhaps, when you may together take it into your heads to read over the *enthusiasm of a mad Frenchman*: Oh, return them to me, keep no memento of my folly: happy Wentworth! but I have done; send me my papers, and I will avoid you for ever.

VILLEBON.



LETTER XXXVIII.

Miss Conway to the Marquis de Villebon.

I AM hardly able, Villebon, to write: *was it your sister* you took from the convent? I am *not* to marry Wentworth: I have received no papers from you since the last evening we met at Madame de Grammont's.

LOUISA CONWAY.

LETTER XXXIX.

The Marquis de Villebon to Miss Conway.

NOT received my letters, Louisa! Is it, good heavens, is it possible! Where is Annette? Cannot she tell you of my papers? I gave them to a servant at the convent, that is, I gave the first letter to him, to give into your own maid's hands; Oh, my soul! let this be explained! Sift it to the bottom. I begin to hope there has been foul play, and that I have been indeed deceived; at any rate, I am *easier* than I have been this long, long time. Wentworth is *not* to be your husband! Who is then? My sister is too ill to bear
a scene

a scene so affecting, as seeing you would
be to her, (after all she has felt for me) ,
or she would fly to you, she bids me say,
Adieu.

Your faithful lover,

VILLEBON.



LETTER XL.

Miss Conway to the Marquis de Villebon.

I HAVE interrogated Annette; she declares that she never had a letter for me given into her care in all her life, which she did not instantly deliver. She recollects however, having a quarrel with the Abbé's servant upon some trivial occasion, and he said, "Now Annette, I will burn all the *good things* I have in my possession." She told him, "She defied him to hurt *her* by so doing, and that he instantly brought a large packet directed to *her*, which she endeavoured to rescue from the flames, but that it was burnt in an instant." He added that, "He did not mean

mean actually to have burnt it, but as it had happened, the contents should be for ever buried in oblivion." She was persuaded, as she had no correspondent, that he had only rolled up waste paper, and directed it to deceive and vex her; she went away immediately, and from that hour to this she never thought of it; she remembers that I was very ill at the time, and to that she imputes her having entirely forgot ever again to question the man upon the subject.

It is possible, Monsieur, you see, that this may be the letter you wrote me at first, but why have you forsaken and abandoned me since? let that be explained. I am truly concerned for your sister, and offer her, as well as yourself, my heartiest good wishes, being

Your obedient humble servant,

LOUISA CONWAY.

LETTER XLI.

The Marquis de Villebon to Miss Conway.

On Louisa, do not write to me in that cool style, when there is a prospect now of my proving how much I have been wronged, when you supposed yourself abandoned by me; I confess, appearances *have* been terribly against me, but how did you know I took any one from your convent, my best beloved? I will cease to annoy you with my interrogatories; but, to proceed to giving you a full and true account of myself since we parted: I shall begin by the occasion of my having left France first. You may recollect my going suddenly to Lausanne; it was at the in-treaty

treaty of my sister, who was going to be sacrificed, against her inclination, to a man twice her age, of great fortune, and of the *ci-devânt* noblesse of France. I arrived happily in time to prevent it, and put it, as I hoped, entirely off; but my Aunt who you have heard me say was a great devotee, and was set wholly upon the next world, was very little acquainted or concerned in those things that were passing around her: although she had never been married herself, she was very ready for her niece to conform to the custom in France, of marrying without any mutual regard, and all I said against it, had no longer any avail than during the time that I was with them. I had not been a vast while returned from Switzerland, before I received a letter from my Isabelle, saying that her Aunt had again been prevailed upon to renew her commands for her to give this old man her hand; she intreated that I would once more interfere in her behalf, which I did immediately; but my Aunt returned for answer, that, “She

might take the veil, or marry the man she had fixed upon, which ever she preferred of the two, but upon no account would she otherwise call her her niece, or remember her as such in her will:" she complained that my poor sister had a vast deal of obstinacy in her nature, and that she interrupted her devotions, and broke in upon her comfort. I felt piqued at her manner of speaking, and wrote immediately, to intreat that she would allow me to take under my own care and protection my only sister, whose happiness and peace of mind I esteemed above every other consideration. She sent me a very short answer, saying, " That Mademoiselle was left to her, and she should act by her as if it had been her own daughter." I did not for an age hear again from Lau-
sanne, and I began to hope that the French nobleman had changed his intentions towards my sister, but I received a letter from my Aunt, saying, " That she had come to a resolution to leave her estates, &c. away from both, unless I consented
to

to marry the daughter of a nobleman who lived near Grenoble, and if my sister did not immediately decide upon either marrying or becoming a nun:" she had always been harping upon my forming this connexion, and she was at once the weakest and the most perverse woman I ever knew, and so great a bigot to her own religion, that I cannot conceive what her fury would have been, if by any chance she had heard that my whole heart was given to a protestant. I wrote to her, and intreated, at least, to be permitted to remain single, and as for my sister, I said every thing in words to intreat that no force should be used.

I do not think I ever told you all this, I was, I recollect, apprehensive of ever naming my Aunt, lest you should discover the abhorrence she not only had to Protestants, but to English ladies; that was her favorite topic, and I sometimes suspected some *kind friend* had discovered my attachment, and had given her the

E 4 hint.

hint. But to return to my sister : nothing I could say had the least weight, and I was in despair. You may remember, at times, after you had cleared up my doubts as to Mr. Wentworth, I had some moments of dullness, which you reproached me for. At length I received a letter from Isabelle, telling me, " That on such a day, she was to be brought to the very convent in which you happened to be placed, and that the strictest charges had been already given to the Abbess, to let no one see her after she had taken the veil, not even through the grate, for that her punishment ought to equal her fault." My sister told me, " That the only chance there was of her escaping, was, upon the first night of her arrival, before she had taken the veil." I sent her immediately the plan of my taking her away, knowing as I did, every step about the convent, for those who were not actually nuns. A thousand times I thought to speak to you upon it, but I dreaded defeating my sister's wishes ; I thought that if you knew of it

the

the night before, you might contrive to write to me, and I fondly hoped you would, together with your friend Miss Selway, follow us, and commit yourself to my protection: I was afraid of trusting any one even with a letter, as I was sure the least suspicion would for ever ruin Isabelle. I had the good fortune to get her in safety away, though she had the habit of a nun; and my feelings were such, that I cannot describe them, during the moment I was waiting for her escape; it seemed to me that I should never see you again; my heart misgave me, I had pre-sages of the ill that has since befallen me, but the hasty steps of Isabelle roused me, and we flew out of reach immediately: we disguised ourselves through the assistance of an old servant of my father's, and reached Havre de Grace. I had given a letter for you to the Abbess's servant, addressed to Annette, which letter being burnt, occasioned all the confusion. In that, you had our route; I said, "I should stay at Havre till I could hear or see you,

as I was not flying my *country*, but my Aunt at Lausanne." It was for my sister that I disguised myself, though I have since been made one of the unhappy emigrants, and have suffered among them. I waited five weeks, and should certainly have returned to Paris, till I had seen you by some means, had not Isabelle's health been so dreadful that I could not leave her; I had besides accounts that they were tearing up my very trees by the roots, as they termed me an emigrant, an aristocrat, and a traitor to my country. This alarmed my sister so much, that I thought it expedient to come over to England directly, in a little American vessel, the Captain of which, carried over letters addressed to you, and my agent.

I was continually writing down my thoughts, and in black and white, pouring out the effusions of my soul, whether I had a prospect of sending it to you or not; at last, I had an opportunity of getting over *volumes* almost, and I always, (or generally
I had

I had better say) pointed out to you, the means of answering them. Being however perpetually disappointed, I began to grow very wretched ; I languished to get some tidings of you, and when I heard that your convent had been demolished, I was half distracted, and upon the rack about you ; my sister was eternally worn with my apprehensions, and the despair I expressed ; she felt for me beyond description, inasmuch that it affected her health.

My misery, and her remorse which at times she could not help feeling at having deceived her Aunt, rendered us most unhappy companions. I went upon some business to London, where I had the good fortune to meet the young Monsieur de Cologne, who was my earliest friend in France, and, as he had been brought up in England, he knew how to put us in a better mode of proceeding than we were about to pursue.

I hinted to him, that a love affair had

rendered me the miserable object he found me, and he afforded me all the consolation in his power, by pointing out the probability of your safety, though no accounts of it had reached me in times such as these; I cautiously avoided telling your name, or that you were an English woman, for reasons that I have before given you; he did not take that reserve ill, but would listen whole hours to my description of you, to my recitals of what had passed between us, and to my dismay at the cruel uncertainty I was suffering.

I derived from his sympathy and Isabelle's, all the comfort that could be administered; and I have experienced the greatest friendship from this worthy young man in a thousand instances since I came to England; if I had not lost all my fortune, with my honor, I should hope still to add a nearer name to him, by consenting to his becoming my brother; but just now, that is not to the purpose, for I have a dread that Isabelle will not be long in this world.

Mon-

Monfieur de Cologne recommended my going into Yorkfhire as a cheap country, and I the more readily confented to it, as I recollected having heard you fpeak particularly of that country, though I could not remember the name of your relations in thofe parts; I took the cottage which is near your Aunt's, and I call Heaven to witnefs that you have never one inftant been out my thoughts, morning, noon, or night: I have enjoyed no reft; my very dreams were all of you; I faw you either in diftrefs, or in the poffeffion of another; fometimes you were juft fhip-wrecked, and I tore you by the hair, out of the mercilefs ocean; at other times, you were juft dragged to the guillotine; and fuch was the impreffion I had of your calamities, that I had more than once (I blufh to fay it) planned my own deftruction; you have made me a coward, and now you fhall fee me act like a man. The fame idea that prefents itfelf againft my Ifabelle's, (if fhe fhould recover) marrying Cologne, will make me never urge you to become mine; while I had riches,

riches, and grandeur, all my desire, all my hope was to share it with you, but now Louisa, if you will once see me *as your friend*, I will not offer to you a beggar, an out-cast ; only tell me that you are satisfied of my love, of my never having neglected, or meant to abandon you, and I shall die in peace. Deign me one word of answer, if you have the least charity, my dearest Louisa.

Farewell,

VILLEBON.



LETTER XLII.

Miss Willoughby to Mrs. Willoughby.

Bath.

MY DEAR AUNT,

MY cousin, and her lover, are very busily employed in *corresponding*; he has written her a long account, which has totally cleared him of all blame. Now there is a new difficulty started, and that is by the gentleman; he does not *intend* to marry her, because he is not rich, and I do not know, how she will ever be able to *persuade* him to it, if she should even endeavour: it will be very curious, after they have been dying for each other so long, that because, the fortune is not on *his* side, they are to separate.

rate for ever ; *I am afraid, if I was her,* I should insist upon his accepting what I had, but she is quite at a loss what to say ; this objection I dare say never occurred to her. She is (without owning it) wonderfully mended since this affair has had such a new turn ; she looks already in better health, but that she imputes “ to *Bath* agreeing with her ;” for my part, I am of opinion, that she would ere long have been in her grave, *much as the air* agrees now with her, if such an eclarcissement had not taken place ; she will not allow us to congratulate her ; she says “ You see he rejects *me* ; he has started such an objection himself that never would have entered his head, if he had loved me as formerly ; but I am content, I only want to be friends with him, and there is no sort of occasion of an interview.”

Mr. Aubrey ventured to ask Sir Thomas Stanhope the questions you desired ; he has parted from *his lady*, ever since he first saw me ; he is too sincere to deny hav-

ing

ing been very gay; his race horses also are given up, and his fortune he declares is an entire three thousand pounds a year, which he will make immediately appear to any one you will please to employ to survey, and value his estates; I think it would, after such assurances upon his part, be indelicate to express any more doubts; I shall however, not give him my consent, until I hear that you are satisfied with what I now tell you; I am sure you will be very happy to receive such a good account of my cousin; poor Mr. Wentworth! he now has all my pity; he is become so very dejected since the day he discovered the cause of all Louisa's misery at Bath, that I am really afraid it will be fatal to him. It is very awkward to be so beautiful and so engaging, as to have two people at once dying absolutely for you; and two so charming as both her lovers are; what a tragedy has her love been; and all of a sudden the cloud is dispelled, though the reconciliation has not *taken place*; she smiles, she eats, she drinks, but I do not think she has slept
since

since they passed each other upon the road; the quick transition from sorrow, to hope, has given full employment for her thoughts at night, as well as day; and I dare say she is in a sad dilemma since his *noble* resolution of not offering a beggar to her, which you will read in the copy of his letter which I now enclose.

I hope, I am not uncharitable, but I suspect that Mrs. Penton told you what you hint respecting Sir Thomas, and I suspect that his humble friend, Elphinstone, was her author, because I ever had a very contemptible opinion of the Lady, and Sir Thomas gave me to understand, they resembled each other in character extremely; I hope (so as I do not live in their neighbourhood) that they will make a match; they are uncommonly well suited for such an union.

Miss Selway is very much admired at Bath, but I can perceive that she has a penchânt for Mr. Freeman, who is kept
aloof

aloof by the hauteur Mrs. Aubrey shews to him, whenever he touches upon his admiration of her daughter; he is really a very pleasant man, and (but for a few fashionable foibles, which he will put off, no doubt, when he marries) I cannot think what there is to make him so disliked by *the mammas*. Adieu my dear Aunt.

I am your's most dutifully,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.



LETTER XLIII.

Miss Conway to the Marquis de Villebon.

I AM perfectly satisfied of your truth, and am very much concerned that you should have suffered as you have done for any thing so unworthy as I am; and what words have I to express, what I feel for your amiable sister: who could have supposed that an accident so untoward as the burning of your packet could have happened; I could not blame Annette, after the explanation she gave; had that packet arrived we should both have escaped a world of anxiety! Since you are contented that things should remain as they are, it
is

is certainly best it should be so. I accept you as my *friend*, and wish you happy in whatever situation you may fix upon.

LOUISA CONWAY.



LETTER XLIV.

The Marquis de Villebon to Miss Conway.

WILL you allow me to see you Louisa? Will you personally accept me as your friend, since fortune has unluckily put you beyond my reach, in any other light? I shall most gladly fling myself at your feet, if you will allow me; I cannot rest till I am accepted even in this new character. Send me permission by the bearer to wait upon you.

VILLEBON.

LETTER XLV.

Miss Conway to the Marquis.

Most undoubtedly I shall be very
happy to see you.

LOUISA CONWAY.



LETTER XLVI.

Mrs. Willoughby to Miss Willoughby.

Willoughby-Place.

I REJOICE from my heart, my dear girl, that poor Villebon has proved himself so worthy of Louisa; I hope it will in some way or other be brought about, notwithstanding his present delicacy, that she will give him her hand; they have a sufficiency between them, and I am quite of opinion that it matters not from which side the wealth comes; were I to chuse it should be upon the wife's, as men are apt to think, they are the persons who oblige, when they confer riches and honors upon our sex, whereas *we* never have, you know,
my

my dear, such illiberal ideas ; I am sorry you condemn poor Mrs. Penton in the present instance ; I give you my word, neither her, nor *Parson Elphinstone*, are to blame now. Mr. Dashwood it was, who reported hereabouts, that Sir Thomas might attempt to retrench, but that it was impossible, for he was ruined past all redemption ; now though I by no means gave entire credit to this animal's report, I was willing to be quite certain before you had actually determined to accept Sir Thomas Stanhope ; I now advise that you do with all my heart. I conclude Mrs. Aubrey has some very good reason for her manner to her daughter's admirer ; young people and old can never be supposed to think alike ; in general old persons so totally forget they were ever young, and are so very contracted in their ideas, and prejudiced in their opinions, that girls make a rule of not attending to them ; but Mrs. Aubrey, by the description you have all sent, is so different, and there is such confidence between them (as there has

ever been between you, and myself) that I should think Miss Selway will be wholly guided by her; she sees the matter impartially, which the young lady does not at all affect to do. I cannot help observing how very *suddenly* the Marquis has thought of Louisa's fortune being too good for him; that inconvenience never struck him when he was pining for her; I shall if he persists in such an absurd wish, as to be only her friend, think him a very romantic strange character, if not a mad man.

I shall be glad when all your little *amours* are settled, for it has put me sadly out of my line to talk so much upon a business I never happened myself to be engaged in. I hope you will soon tell me, that you have thoughts of returning home.

God bless you,

ELEANOR WILLOUGHBY.

LETTER XLVII.

Louisa Conway to Mrs. Willoughby.

Bath.

As Sophia is wonderfully taken up with my friend Miss Selway, and her friend Sir Thomas Stanhope, I have undertaken to continue the history of my own affairs: she left off, I think, where we were to have an interview: I asked the permission of Mr. Aubrey for it to be at his house, and I intreated Augusta to be present at it. No sooner had I sent the Marquis my consent to seeing him, than he appeared: he flew out of the street, and made but one step to the drawing-room, where my friend and I were seated to

F 2

receive

receive him ; he could not speak, he fell upon his knees, he kissed my hands over and over again, he bathed them with his tears ; he said, " Louisa ! ah, speak to me Louisa !" but I was not able to speak ; I tried to raise him from his knees, but he was so agitated it was impossible ; he laid his head down upon a fettee there was in the room, and I really thought he would have died with agitation. This alarmed me ; I endeavoured to conceal my emotions ; I went to him and took his hand ; nay, my dear Aunt, I kissed it several times, I own I did ; I was alarmed for him, all my tenderness returned with redoubled affection : he said, " Am I only to be your friend, Louisa ? I am now a beggar ! no longer the splendid Villebon !" I could not refrain from saying, " Oh Marquis, you are more dear to me than ever, your misfortunes have no other effect, than making me rejoice that I have affluence for both our sakes." He sprang up in an instant ; he was in raptures, and said, " Then, most generous of women, it

is

is inconceivable the vast transport that I feel at your goodness, and at being admitted to your presence; my beloved friend, how have I longed for this happiness;" he again kissed my hands, and indeed we were both, I believe, pretty equally rejoiced, though I took care not to shew it to so extravagant a degree. All my friends laugh *a little* at my change of countenance and manner, but I cannot dissemble, my dear Aunt, the pleasure such a reverse has given me: I shall not, however, dwell further upon the scene that has just passed, lest you should think me rather romantic, suffice it, that we parted perfectly understanding one another; and to-morrow I mean to take an opportunity, when the Marquis is from home, to wait upon his sister, who, I am sorry to find, is not at all the better for this change of air. The Marquis expressed apprehensions, that having been brought up from an infant at Lausanne, no other air agrees with her: as the climate is so very different in England,

I am sadly afraid she will never have her health again.

You felt so much interested for Mr. Wentworth, that I must inform you that he has left Bath: I found cards upon the table for the whole party, and he has sent me a beautiful spaniel (which I often had admired) with his best compliments; that, "He was going into Germany, that his faithful little dog he bequeathed to me, and he humbly hoped that he now and then should be remembered with pity, when Fidelle seemed to moan for his fugitive master." I accept it with pleasure, and I shall cherish the dog, let my lot be whatever it will, as the favorite of a man I have so long esteemed and regarded; I hope that he will meet with a woman worthy of him.

I mean in a day or two to go into public: my friend Monsieur de Cologne is quite rejoiced to see my spirits so much better, and says, "If I would but put on
a little

a little rouge, no one would guess that I had been *indisposed*." I tell him that my colour will come of course, now my health is returning; but he seems very impatient to see me, "blythe and bonny." His son is a very charming young man, and the Marquis told me he was in love with "Isabelle," but it does not appear that she returns it, or if she does, she does not (like Sophia and myself) so candidly confess it.

Mr. Dashwood's impertinence about Sir Thomas Stanhope, is particularly provoking, as it does not appear that he will be in the way of correction. Nothing here is talked of but the ill behaviour of Mrs. Somerville; her husband is here for his health, with a daughter, a very fine young woman of eighteen. It is an old adage, that, "There is no fool like an old one;" and this lady's trip has verified it. It is really shocking to hear of so many of these kind of things among *aged ladies*; I cannot help imputing it to the neglect and ill

F 4

usage

usage of fashionable husbands; they certainly set the fair sex very bad examples, at the same time it shews much depravity, when the revenge wives take is of this nature. I think if my husband was to give me provocation to do ill, my pride would be to mortify him by behaving unexceptionably; one is then sure of having every body of one's side. They say this Mrs. Somerville was a woman of sense, which makes what has happened the more inexcusable and unaccountable: I am sure she fixed upon a despicable coxcomb, by all accounts, to elope with: "He is dead sick of her," he says: her girl looks very dejected, how can it be otherwise! What a misfortune to a young person who doats perhaps on her mother, to see her all at once plunge into ruin; and from being in a respectable character, and in the tender situation of a mother, to be driven from society, debarred of ever seeing her children, and in time abandoned by a coxcomb, who has occasioned all these misfortunes.

I am

I am defired to mention all this family
to you properly; and to say from Mr.
Aubrey, that if you would join us here,
you would make us very, very happy.
Adieu, my dear Aunt,

I am your most happy and

Affectionate Niece,

LOUISA CONWAY.



LETTER XLVIII.

Miss Willoughby to her Aunt.

Bath.

MY DEAR MADAM,

MR. AUBREY has said all that is to be said of a *serious* nature to Sir Thomas, and he now wears me to death to know when the happy day is to be, and I have told him very fairly, that I have no idea, at present, of changing my state; I will own to you, that I have in my own mind formed a wish, for my marriage not to take place till Louisa's does, which I see very little prospect of at present: the dear girl went yesterday, with Miss Selway, to wait upon the Marquis's fair sister; she

was

was very ill, sitting upon a sofa reading, when her brother introduced them: he had been calling upon Louisa, and he begged, " he might carry her to Isabelle." She attempted to rise when they went in, but was too feeble; she was extremely affected at the sight of Louisa, whom she knew instantly, by having seen a portrait that her brother always wore of her's round his neck: Louisa went to her, and they embraced each other, and Isabelle fell upon her neck, and wept extremely: she cannot speak English, it seems, at all. During this scene, the young Monsieur de Cologne entered, and partook of the sensibility that was evident in the company; Miss Selway says it was very affecting, to see the invalid so agitated; she is very beautiful, and when I saw her was very interesting, though she had not illness then to make her as particularly so, as they now describe her. The lover of Isabelle grew impatient at the scene, and whispered her brother that it was too much for her; our friends took the hint,

and they left her, at the earnest request of M. de Cologne, quite alone : he is, it seems, frightened to death about her : they recommend quietness of all things : she drinks the waters regularly. It will be very melancholy if she should not recover, as I find her brother's sorrows were the principal occasion of her's, and as they are removed, one would suppose (like Louisa's) that her health would return. I find her physician thinks her in a decline ; if that should prove to be the case, she must be removed from hence ; I shall then pity Monsieur de Cologne extremely indeed : the Marquis seems to doat upon her, at the same time he does not see her danger, and she certainly is very ill : at parting, she whispered Louisa, that she hoped to see her every day, if but for five minutes ; of course Louisa consented most readily.

Mr. Wentworth next has my compassion ; good Lord, how he loved my cousin ! he has however, with great prudence

torn

torn himself away : he has always had a taste for travelling, and he is actually now going into Germany. Sir Thomas has received a letter from him ; he is just now in London, making preparations for his journey ; he has no idea of returning to England for many years, he says, “ Being persuaded that varying the scene, is the only remedy for his almost hopeless case.” *We understood the case*, but neither Sir Thomas or any of the party, made any comments thereupon. He writes word, that he has had the good luck to meet his acquaintance *Mr. Gordon* in town, and of him he learned, that his wife was at General Gordon’s, that he had been in the greatest-despair about her, and that he went one morning to his father’s determined to tell him all, and to consult with him for the best, when he found him sitting by his wife, who was playing to him on the piano forte ; she jumped up, and Mr. Wentworth writes word, that the scene was a most interesting one, by Mr. Gordon’s description ; he now expresses himself to
be

be the happiest man in the world; Mr. Gordon further told Mr. Wentworth, that Mrs. and Miss Evelyn had been to visit his wife, and that she (contrary to his wishes) had forgiven them, and accepted their apologies. Miss Evelyn entirely cleared herself from all blame, as her mother dictated the letter she wrote, and she did not dare write to her any more.

We are all rejoiced at the finale of this poor young woman's story, as we were interested for her, from Mr. Wentworth's and Mr. Freeman's accounts. I should like to have seen Mr. Simpkins' face, upon hearing that she was become "Mrs. Gordon." Mr. Freeman is grown very grave lately, and Miss Selway is not so chearful as she used to be, Louisa says, though I myself do not perceive any vast symptom of attachment in her; though, after the lovers I have been accustomed of late to hear of, there is something very luke-warm in people dancing, and talking, and *walk-*
ing

ing out, while there are doubts of their coming together.

The misfortunes of Louisa and her Emigrant, have made me expect a romance in every attachment, which is not quite "the Rage" at present, as I believe there is not one person in ten that marries from inclination, except to partake of fortune or of rank. It is that which occasions so many divorces, I much suspect; I could enlarge a great deal upon this subject, my dear Aunt, but it is rather *hacknied*, and I do not think moralizing will change the times, if I was disposed so to do.

I hope you will come and fetch us home, though I am in no great hurry to return, but there are many new things at Bath for you to be entertained with.

Your's most obediently,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.

LETTER XLIX.

Miss Willoughby to her Aunt.

Bath.

WE have had the most dreadful catastrophe happen, that has done away all the content that before was experienced in this house. I told you that Louisa had promised to visit Isabelle every day, and she has never failed for this last fortnight, seeing her every morning, and she was the more desirous of doing so, as she thought her in a very dangerous way; she told the Marquis so, and upon talking with her physician, he advised as soon as possible that she should be removed to Bristol; she promised to consent, if they would but pre-

prevail upon Louisa to accompany her, and accordingly that being acceded to, every thing was settled for her removal. The poor Marquis was extremely afflicted, as well as Monsieur de Cologne, at the necessity there was of being separated from their dear Isabelle, but that consideration was secondary to her health; all was agreed upon; Louisa went to her the day previous to their setting out, and she appeared in uncommon good spirits, and much better; she took my cousin's hands and kissed them, and said, "I wish you had married Villebon during my life-time, I should have died contented if that knot was indissolubly tied, but it is too late to talk of this now." Louisa, who had been charmed at the alteration she had first observed in her, was now shocked extremely at hearing her talk so, but Isabelle chid her, and said, "If I am content to die, why will you not allow me to appear so; I must have done," said she, "if I cause you a moment's uneasiness; I wished to prepare you, and to tell you, by symptoms
I have

I have had, that I have not many hours to live."

Of course Louisa hoped that she was deceived, and that this was a turn of nature, as persons in declines seldom know their danger; the Marquis and Monsieur de Cologne came in, which put an end to their doleful conversation, though Isabelle opened a little drawer of a table that was near her, and gave Louisa a packet, desiring her to keep it till the event she had been speaking of had taken place.

When the moment came for Louisa to take her leave, she perceived her friend very cold; she kissed her hand; it was like marble! Isabelle fell upon her neck; the Marquis and Monsieur de Cologne jumped up to her assistance, when horrid to relate, she was dead. They sent however, immediately for a surgeon to bleed her, and for her physician, but all in vain; she was gone. It was not at all in poor Louisa's power to give any description of the scene
that

that there was upon this dreadful misfortune; she sent for Miss Selway, who flew immediately to her; never was there such a house of distress.

Ifabelle had always, it seems, read much in physical books, and it was to her knowledge therein, that we are to impute her certainty of her decease. Monsieur de Cologne was carried home in a chair, and the Marquis's surprise and horror cannot be described: the lover of Ifabelle is so ill that his life is almost despaired of, and the Marquis is so taken up with his own sorrow, that he actually has not remembered to enquire how my cousin is after her shock: she is very, very melancholy indeed, and says, she does not believe that she shall ever for one instant in her life, put the dying angel out of her thoughts; she thinks she feels her cold face falling against her's! It is a sad tale, and no one but myself had spirits to write it to you, but I could not any longer withhold the cause from you of my long silence. It is
a week

a week ago that it happened, and I do not find the Marquis is in the least degree recovered of his shock; and as to Monsieur de Cologne, he is alarmed to death about his son, for he has a fever, and every bad symptom. What a horrid tragedy will it be, if this fine young man should fall a victim to this disappointment: forbid it heaven!

We propose, as soon as the poor Marquis is better, to return home, and to take with us Miss Selway, if you please. There is not one of the party but have felt severely this stroke; it has put an end to all idea of amusement. Our party join me in every thing that is respectful to you, and I am, my dear Aunt,

Ever your's,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.

LETTER L.

From the same to the same.

Bath.

MY DEAR AUNT,

I AM happy to tell you that the Marquis is more composed, and that Monsieur de Cologne has now hopes of the recovery of his son; Louisa revives as she hears good accounts of her lover. It is the plan of Mr. Aubrey, who is all consideration and good sense, that as soon as Monsieur de Cologne is free from fever, and is recovering his strength, that these unfortunate Frenchmen should make the tour of England, and endeavour, by travelling, to drive from their thoughts a scene

scene so truly melancholy. The father who is extremely entertaining and chearful, says he will be of the party, and Sir Thomas Stanhope voluntarily said, "He would go with them, as it would never do to let them go *tete à tete*, and feed upon the grief they were mutually oppressed by." We shall, please God, be with you on Friday next, when I hope to find you in perfect health.

Your most dutiful Niece,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.



LETTER LI.

The Marquis de Villebon to Miss Conway.

MY dearest Louisa will be glad to see that I am able now to write to her. De Cologne, poor fellow, suffers prodigiously from the cold, and by no means receives the benefit from travelling, that we had flattered ourselves he would; his having seen every place before, takes off from any kind of amusement, and if it was not for Sir Thomas Stanhope, I do not know what would become of us. We are to go and stay some little time with him in Derbyshire, and we mean to visit the cottage where my dear Isabelle and I spent so many days together: we shall be at York
some

some days, and I hope my Louisa will suffer me to wait upon her at Mrs. Willoughby's. I ought to apologize for my apparent neglect of you: I was so extremely miserable, and felt so severely the shock my nerves had sustained, that I could indeed think of you but seldom; I hope now to hear from you, and that you arrived safe. You know, I suppose, that business prevented De Cologne's father from going with us, which I was extremely sorry for. When you have been able to peruse the packet entrusted to your care, you will communicate the contents to Isabelle's disconsolate brother; it is the only hope now left for us mourners: I have taken the liberty to send you a locket, with the hair of my beloved sister's; I know you will value it, at once for my sake and her's; I wish you had been longer acquainted with the dear saint, though I consider it fortunate that she made the request of seeing you daily, as you were able to judge more of her perfections, than all I could have said, (if you had

had never been made personally acquainted with her) could have given you the least idea of. I cannot dwell upon the melancholy subject; I feel particularly hurt because I think I was accessory, at least, to hastening her death: fatal reflection! Oh, my Louisa! what an unlucky wretch I am to have formed such an opinion; I am afraid it will stay by me through life, and the very great bliss of being hereafter in possession of you, thou most angelic woman, will not blot out from my remembrance that I was the cause of Isabelle's death, and poor Cologne's despair. Adieu, my love, let me intreat the dear packet may be opened.

Heaven preserve you.

VILLEBON.

LETTER LII.

Answer from Miss Conway.

ENCLOSED, my dear friend, are the contents of the packet: you had given your lovely sister so extraordinary (and I must say) partial an account of me, that she has left it to my judgment whether to deliver them or not; your's I am clearly of opinion should not be withheld, and you will act as you think proper respecting the others. My Aunt desires me to say that she shall with extreme pleasure receive you. I will not intrude upon your moments now, which are going to be so much better

better taken up. God restore you and
your unhappy friend to health, &c.

Your's unalterably,

LOUISA CONWAY.



LETTER LIII.

From Isabelle to Miss Conway.

I HAVE, my dear, dear Madam, ventured to give you the important trust of some letters to deliver, if after reading the contents, you see nothing in them exceptionable. I beg you to forgive prejudices that I imbibed from my cradle, and which would have accompanied me to the grave if, by extreme good fortune, I had not been made acquainted with you before I quitted this world of misery. You are to observe that I have foreseen my death a long time and known that I was in a rapid inward decay; but there was no use in alarming my brother, and breaking in upon his

short

short-lived repose, after the storms he had been weathering. The packets I had written at times when I found myself able to use my pen, but this I have only penned this morning, since I have had full proof that my lungs have undergone a complete decay : I quit this world with joy ; it has long been my prayer to be taken from hence, as soon as I had the felicity of seeing my brother reconciled to the object of his affections ; before that, I was necessary to him, and I should not have died as happily as I do to-day. You will hear that there was a time, when I disliked his marrying you, but you will forgive me ; with that hope I shall close my good wishes, for all the happiness that can be experienced here to attend you.

Farewell,

ISABELLE VILLEBON.

LETTER LIV.

Isabelle to the Marquis de Villebon.

WHEN this letter is put into your hands, my brother, you will have no Isabelle; she will be cold and lifeless, but she will be remembered by you with affection, and I know that these lines (though some things they contain may astonish you) will be a cordial to you. To begin: I know you have reproached yourself with being the occasion of my death ere this time; but, although there is no doubt but your sorrows contributed greatly to my unhappiness, if I had not had other cause of woe, when you ceased to be miserable, I should of course have become happier. Alas!

that

that I had dealt with you candidly, but I was very much ashamed of having an attachment to a person, who, since the troubles in France, was become your enemy, or rather the enemy to your party.

You may recollect, at Lausanne, that there was a family near my Aunt's, with whom we had always lived in habits of the greatest intimacy; the son, Monsieur de Narbonne, and myself, were bred up together from infants, and as I had not then the happiness of knowing much of you, I considered him as my brother. As we grew up, our childish affection ripened into a friendship the most firm: we were to part; he went into the army, and our separation was most painful. He came home just at the time my Aunt was proposing to me to marry another man; it was then that Monsieur de Narbonne declared himself to be my most ardent lover: I felt that he was every thing to me, and I gave him assurances that I would never marry any other man: your interference

was necessary, and I urged him to let me tell *you* the secret of our love, but he would not consent, he only charged me to intreat you to prevent the marriage that my Aunt had been designing; I objected to this sort of partial confidence, when he said, that your principles were so different, that he was persuaded you would not like our union, for he was quite on the other side from you in politics; this made me very unhappy, and my Aunt's persecutions on the other hand, contributed to rendering my life miserable. I could not bear to take the veil, while my thoughts were bent upon a worldly object; it was repugnant to my religious feelings, otherwise, it was a life I should have preferred of all others; but my heart had been gradually for years, alas! inclining towards this ill-fated young man. With such inclinations, how could I dare to become a nun! He tried every art in his power to induce me to name him to my Aunt as my lover, but in vain; I had not courage to interrupt her devotions; she was almost
always

always at prayers, and when she relaxed from these duties, she only peremptorily ordered me to prepare myself either for marrying the man she had fixed upon for me, or for taking the veil. The choice I made, you have but too much cause to remember, and what followed after.

At Havre de Grace, I was walking out without you, and I met accidentally an old servant of the De Narbonne's, and he told me that his young master had fallen under the displeasure of the National Convention, and I was distressed beyond measure: your misery and my own apprehensions overcame me, and from that time I perceived symptoms of the complaint that has been fatal to me. A thousand times did I begin to tell you of this attachment, but my resolution failed me: you may remember often taking my hand, and saying, "What was my Isabelle going to relate, why does she stop so precipitately?" I could not bring myself to contribute to your uneasiness, or to risk your

displeasure. When Monsieur de Cologne was so perpetually with us, (before he declared himself to be my lover) I was going to tell you, (because you seemed more able to support ill news when you had a friend to comfort you,) but you did not give me opportunities, as you did when I was alone with you so often, before he had joined us; in short, I could always find an excuse. If you remember, you went to London for a few days, with Monsieur de Cologne, and during that period Madame de Louvre came to visit me, and brought her brother, who was an emigrant, and he was talking of the numbers that had been guillotined; and upon my wishing to hear the names, he said he would send the paper when he returned. In the list, to my everlasting horror, was De Narbonne. Oh! what did I suffer at the perusal of his execution! I could by no means account for it; he was quite a democrat in principle, except that his soul shuddered at any sanguinary measures, and possibly that disposition caused his death: it afflicted me
bit-

bitterly; I had occasion for all the resignation that my religion had taught me; and upon seeing you return with your friend, and in what I feared, a very bad state of health, I concealed as much as I could, the agitation and affliction I was in. You may recollect, I could not sit in the room once or twice, when the massacres that were at that time raging in France, were brought on the carpet, and you imputed it wholly to general benevolence, and weakness of body. It was painful to me to see the pleasure you took in the assiduities Monsieur de Cologne shewed me; you spoke in a manner so animated, and so chearful, upon the tenderness you had discovered he possessed for me: I dreaded deceiving you, as to his attentions being ever acceptable to me; though certainly of all men, but my never to be equalled Monsieur de Narbonne, he was the most after my taste; but I have used him ill—I have used you ill: from one step to another, he got to be upon a most intimate footing with me, but I never would hear

him upon the subject of love ; I saw with regret, that his affections were settled ; I took every opportunity of saying, “ That I hoped to die single ; ” but you seemed so hurt, that at last I ceased making these declarations. As my sorrow abated, I began to think what an incumbrance I was to you, and that it was upon the account of having lost your fortune, that you wished me so well married ; when I thought of that motive, I had plans of quitting you, and then, my ignorance of the English language, my inability to procure any maintenance, overset at once that idea.

Monfieur de Cologne before he left us, begged I would hear him upon the subject of his love, but I gave him the most solemn assurances, “ That while you were so miserable, it was irksome to me to even think of my future destiny, and that if he had any value for my peace or his own, he would *never* again speak of any thing so totally out of the question, as my marrying.”

rying.” He seemed very unhappy when we parted, and I hoped therefore, that he had taken my answer as I meant, but you can witness what his kindness to us both has been since, and I really had conceived a very strong friendship for him; and but for my constitution failing under the affliction that has secretly preyed upon my vitals, I should have given this worthy man my hand, to have returned, in some measure, the obligations for all the trouble I had occasioned to him; and as I saw your reason for wishing me united to him was from superior motives than I at first basely feared. This detail, my dear brother, is to set your mind at ease, as to *your* having been the cause of my death, which at times you have apprehended would be the case, as I felt so much for your wretchedness; I did indeed feel it most poignantly; I was the cause of all your anxiety for your adored Louisa, and I basely repaired it by a mean reserve, for which I never have forgiven myself: I could not have survived your ill opinion.

Let

Let not any thing offensive in my conduct
make you remember me otherwise than
with affection; I die in the hope, even
now, that my memory will be dear to you.

Farewell my Brother,

ISABELLE VILLEBON.



LETTER LV.

From the same to Monsieur de Cologne.

MOURN not, my amiable friend, for a person who was entirely undeserving of you, as an account which my brother has, will but too clearly demonstrate. You were, by your unremitting assiduities to me, and reiterated marks of friendship to my dear Villebon, getting very near my heart; I am glad therefore, that I am about to leave this world: it is contrary to my opinion of a woman's delicacy, to be *very much* interested by two different men. I never should have been happy! May you be so! Strive to forget that there ever lived so wretched a being as

ISABELLE VILLEBON.

LETTER LVI.

From Isabelle to her Aunt at Lausanne.

SUFFER me, Madam, to send to you my dying intreaties, for forgiveness of the disobedience that I was constrained to shew you. All the blessings of this life, and the next, attend you, and pray remember with a degree of affection,

The unfortunate

ISABELLE.

LETTER LVII.

The Marquis de Villebon to Miss Conway.

TEN thousand thanks to you, for the sacred dear packet that you enclosed, my most dear Louisa; Oh, it has torn my heart, to think what that dear angel suffered upon her own sad account, and how much I was afflicting her, and adding to her distresses; yet my mind is not so entirely given up to *despair*, when I consider that I have not, as I apprehended, been the immediate cause of her death. God blefs her; what did she not go through! How little did she know me, if she fancied a difference in political sentiments, would have made me thwart her in an attachment,
that

that has belonged to her very existence, for so many years ; poor Isabelle ! poor Narbonne ! May ye meet in heaven, and may I hereafter have the felicity of meeting you there likewise ! I have ever indulged a hope, respecting the relatives and friends who have gone before me, that I think to those who spend their lives well, is the most consolatory—that of meeting, and *knowing each other* in a better state. Do you, my love, join your pious wishes with mine, in this, respecting our beloved departed Isabelle.

I never intended telling you, if the dear angel herself had not touched upon it in the letter she wrote you ; “ That my having attached myself to a Protestant, contributed beyond measure to her unhappiness.” Brought up, and educated under her Aunt, who was the most rigid Catholic, (and having, as you know, lost her mother in her infancy,) she imbibed notions and prejudices from which she never departed till her last moments. I shall never forget her.

her emotion, or the workings of her soul, when I intrusted her with the secret of my attachment; she endeavoured, in vain, to conceal *what* she felt, when I was imparting it to her; at the same time, considered it a duty incumbent on her, to *attempt at least*, to turn me from my purpose, for what she considered, the salvation of my soul: *she*, in terms the most delicate, urged every argument, to which *I* opposed every thing my conscience and my heart dictated; I ventured to express my opinion, "That it was not so liberal as I had a right to expect from so enlightened a mind as her's, for my Louisa to be condemned to misery perpetual, because she was of the Protestant religion;" I represented its favouring *too much* of my Aunt, who was certainly a very weak, though probably a well-meaning woman; and I recommended, for her own peace of mind, that she would not adopt her violence; I did not raise in her the most remote hope, of my relinquishing the fond expectation of calling you mine, but I assured her, we were never to interfere.

fere upon points of religion ; but *that* she condemned above every thing, as she conceived it to be my duty, “ To *reclaim you.*” I endeavoured to persuade her, that, however biaſſed I might be to my own religion, I ought to believe, that thoſe whoſe intentions were pure, of whatever ſect they might be, could partake of the bleſſings and mercies of their Creator : I could not ſucceed ; nor could the arguments of my friend Cologne (who joined with me on this ſubject) have any avail. It gave me the moſt heart-felt concern, to ſee what a ſad impreſſion this made upon my beloved ſiſter, but I could not, for an inſtant, think of giving *you* up, and my ſoul was torn with anguiſh. I ſaw her agitation ſo much, when this unfortunate matter came upon the carpet, that I determined to avoid all future diſcuſſion, and waved it whenever ſhe entered upon the ſubject.

After you became acquainted, at Bath, I had ſuch ſufficient excuſe for my attachment,

ment, *even in her opinion*, that she ceased to importune me upon, “ Endeavouring, *before we were united*, to reform you.” I never gave her the most distant promise ; and I must repeat *to you* my declaration, of, “ Never interfering with your religion ;” and accept now my vows, never again to touch with you upon any thing so truly delicate, which is the only possible point on which we could disagree.

We propose being at York on Monday next ; till then, my love, adieu.

May heaven protect you.

VILLEBON.



LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Freeman to Sir Thomas Stanhope.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU requested that I would acquaint you with the result of my *formal declaration* to Miss Selway; why then, be it known to you, that I have had a *flat refusal*. I found that her mother had such astonishing influence over her, and expressed so much disapprobation of *me*, that *she* was fixed at once, to discard me: I intreated her, at least, to indulge me with Mrs. Aubrey's objections; (I never felt so abashed, so chagrined, so hurt, in all my life) she hesitated, but upon my again pressing her to allow me, at this moment

ment of trial, that satisfaction, she very candidly, though with some confusion, confessed, "That my having played so high, was *the* oftenfible reason, among *some others*, that her mother gave for declining, in her name, the honor I intended her."

I attempted to soften her in *her own name* and *person*, to consider me with compassion; and perhaps, my dear friend, I was somewhat ungenerous to you, for I urged *your* having been *very* dissipated, and that on your reform, I understood no objections had arisen: she appeared distressed: I intreated her to speak all she thought, when she said, "It was not without great reluctance, that she yielded to my importunity, as she was forced to say things, if not offensive to me, highly distressing to herself:" I begged she would proceed, without *apology*. "Sir Thomas Stanhope, my mother finds, has not spent his whole fortune, but has still remaining a very handsome estate, and you must be sensible, Sir, that, however she may admire your candour, in confessing what devastation *the*
black

black legs had made in your property, a *parent* cannot countenance an union that promises so little as this you propose." I assured her, in my turn, that, "I was by no means in the desperate situation she had heard, though certainly my estates were deeply mortgaged; that by marrying a woman of fortune, they might have been redeemed, *as well as myself*; and since I had given my heart to a lady, who, with that advantage, joined every accomplishment and perfection, I had also given my mind very much to *thinking* in what manner I might (if blessed with such a treasure) deserve it, and had thought how well en train we might have put my at present distracted affairs. I concluded, by hoping she, at least, gave me credit for having dealt *freely* with my own character, in order to be candid to Mrs. Aubrey, and her charming self." She confessed it, and to prevent my conceiving her mother to be *selfish* or *ungenerous*, told me, as her further opinion, that, "Where fortune was only on *one* side, she thought, with
mutual

mutual prudence, a match might very properly take place; and had the loss of my estates been by accident, and I had been deprived of them through any *other* means, than the present, she should have given her hearty concurrence; at present, it was entirely out of the question." I neglected not to urge every thing I could think of in *my own favor*; I even dared to hint, that I had *once* fancied myself not totally disagreeable to her; she blushed; this gave me *fresh hopes*, or rather spirits, for I had ceased to hope: I repeated, that, "I was now punished for my temerity." She stopped me, by saying, in the most cool formal manner, "Had Mr. Freeman's character been consistent with his outward appearance, no doubt my mother would have approved, and I *might* have acquiesced; it is now impossible—Sir, *adieu*, I thank you for the honor you intended me, and wish you all manner of happiness." This was *all*: she pronounced it in a manner gentle and polite, at the same time, *so firm*, that I could

only venture to make her a most profound bow. I do assure you, I am very seriously hurt at the whole affair : what would I give, that my life had been spent in a different way, then I might have been deserving of this incomparable woman. I once fancied she was partial, and I am very unwilling, even now, to relinquish that flattering opinion ; but I sincerely hope it is at an end, as she is so *dutiful* a daughter : I cannot in my conscience condemn either of them ; for what a sad prospect has a young woman, who marries a gamester ; and in truth, I do not even yet feel *perfectly cured*, for whenever I meet any of my old companions, I have felt something mortified, that while this matter was impending, I could never even take a bet ; however, I am considerably more affected at giving up Miss Selway.

I have written to Wentworth, to allow me to join him upon his travels : I do not know what will become of him, for it is clear that he has a motive for going abroad,

abroad, similar with my own, though he has never named it to me. He is a sort of man, likely to suffer a matter of this kind to prey upon him most lamentably; now, I do not despair of weathering it, much as I am hurt at present.

I hope the invalids, with whom you are travelling, are benefited from your society, and change of scene. January is a bad month for taking journies in England, and I should think, would disagree with all foreigners. Pray let me often hear from you, and tell me always *something* of Augusta Selway. I shall be eager to congratulate you upon being the husband of Miss Willoughby; till then, adieu.

I am your disheartened, but

Truly faithful friend,

CHARLES FREEMAN.

LETTER LIX.

From Miss Selway to Mrs. Aubrey.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HOPE by this time, to hear that you are arrived in town, and that Mr. Aubrey continues as well as when I parted from him. Louisa and her cousin have been to-day at the cottage, where the lovely Isabelle was so long in exile. Letters have arrived from the Marquis, and as he is able now to write, we flatter ourselves his sorrow is, at least, abating. Mrs. Willoughby has, in the warmest manner, invited him here, and his companions. Sir Thomas expresses much impatience at there

there being no time *yet* fixed for *their* union; and his Sophia has declared, that she would never consent to give him her hand, till the day that Louisa should bless the Marquis in the same way; of course, that cannot be *immediately*.

I promised to tell you *exactly*, what my feelings were, upon the score of Mr. Freeman: as I never did, or ever will disguise my sentiments from you, I must own, that I felt a preference for him for some time; but on observing your manner of receiving his attentions, and that you never once spoke *in his favor*, I resolved to conquer it, and as it was *not very deep*, I succeeded the more easily; and as a proof, now, of my present indifference, if I was to hear he was happily married to-morrow, it would not cost me a sigh. I hope, and have no doubt, but he will easily forget me: he is possessed of much *gaieté de cœur*, and disappointments make slight impressions upon him. We all unite in kindest

H 3

regards

regards to yourself, and dear, good Mr.
Aubrey. Adieu, my dear mother.

Your's, &c.

AUGUSTA SELWAY.



LETTER LX.

Mrs. Aubrey to her Daughter.

WE are much obliged, my dear Augusta, for your kind enquiries; Mr. Aubrey particularly, who continues very well: he applauds your conduct and good sense, respecting Mr. Freeman; I shall tell you a little more of him than you know at present, to prevent your ever thinking I was prejudiced in the firm decision I pronounced. In the first place, even to Mr. Aubrey, he could not promise entirely to give up play; I suppressed my other objection, thinking *this* sufficient for a girl of sense and prudence; but in order now to clear myself (and as I find, with pleasure,

H 4

your

your partiality was merely on the surface,) I must acquaint you, that Mr. Freeman has a *connection* which augured to *his wife* much discontent, however he might *intend* before-hand to act; by this mistress, he has four children, and she has such an ascendancy over him, that he dared not even see her, since the hopes he had formed of becoming allied to you. His servant betrayed him to my maid, and I requested Mr. Aubrey, if possible, to find out if this report was true: he very openly told Mr. Freeman what we had heard, who did not attempt to disown it, on the contrary, avowed that, "He had been attached to her six years, and had four children by her; that in case of his marrying a woman of fortune, he had engaged to settle upon her and her family, five hundred pounds a year. He determined," he added, "never to risk seeing her again, as he owned her attractions were very great, having, besides beauty, great accomplishments, and many good qualities." He endeavoured to make distinctions between
his

his refined attachment for Miss Selway, which Mr. Aubrey soon put a stop to, by assuring him, that the union he had indulged a hope of, could never take place, after this part of his history became known. Indeed, the generous heart of Mr. Aubrey recoiled at the idea of this poor creature being abandoned, whom, possibly he had drawn from the paths of virtue, and who certainly according to the laws of nature, must have the most claim to this vile libertine; (pardon me, my dear Augusta) and if he ever wishes to make atonement for having acted as he has, it must be through his mode of treating her, I should think, and by bringing up the unfortunate children in a life different from his own. Mr. Aubrey hinted as much, and fairly told him that a woman of your delicacy would never, under these circumstances, bestow a thought upon him: he intreated to speak to you, Mr. Aubrey said, "that indulgence did not rest with him." Now, my dear daughter, you will, no doubt, more than ever acquit me of prejudice in this

affair: how could I act otherwise, than
 decide at once against a gamester, who had
 besides formed such a connection. I was
 most happy to perceive how much weight
 my opinions and objections had with you,
 and that they did not appear to cost you
 a pang; I must attribute it to your having
 been *at first* checked in the progress of
 any little penchant you might have felt,
 by observing my dissatisfaction. This is
 the advantage, my love, of the intimacy
 and confidence that subsists between us.
 If mothers in general were upon this sort
 of footing with their daughters, they would
 not be supplanted by little Miss from the
 boarding-school, who, while the tenderest
 friend is only considered in the light of a
 monitress, is generally the confidante and
 the inexperienced counsellor. There is
 no rule, but may have its exceptions. *Pa-*
rents may be avaricious, ambitious, and
 sometimes attend their offspring unwilling
 victims to the altar, consigning them to
 perpetual inquietude.

These

These evils proceed from the mother's not liking the trouble of educating her daughter, and even being by her own dissipation and pursuits, often alienated from her; she only then seeks to aggrandize her whom she brought into the world, but never balances her real felicity in the scale. I thank God, my dear Augusta, that I am more to you as an elder sister: I shall never impose upon your confidence; for although I have had occasion to point out who ought *not to be* your husband, I shall leave to your own heart, and excellent sense, *who is* to have the honor of being allied to you.

Miss Willoughby's manner to her Aunt, is what I much admire, and she never kept a secret from her in her life; I do not, however, desire that, but leave to your affection and judgment, how to act: as to the private affairs of your friends and correspondents, I have no more right to know them, than your most indifferent acquaintance.

H 6

I begin

I begin to grow very anxious to hear how these poor unfortunate foreigners go on, and feel much concerned for them.

Monfieur de Cologne was here yesterday, and mentioned having heard from the Marquis, but that his son was not sufficiently composed to write, although his health is mending apace. I thought I saw, en passant, Mr. Wentworth, and with a countenance of extreme dejection; I am not surprised at it, for he has lost a treasure; his hopes cut off, just as they appeared to be wearing a better aspect. Louisa certainly was growing more cheerful, and was, at least, *pleased* in his company: perhaps it is better as it is, though I could wish they were of the same country, and of the same religion; yet, not to be illiberal, I must confess that the Marquis deserves our friend, and the sooner now the affair is concluded the better, as Miss Conway is most certainly in an awkward situation. Mr. Aubrey intends writing to him (as soon as it is proper

proper after his loss) and recommending his urging Miss Conway not to delay the union longer than it was necessary. No doubt but this advice will be very agreeable, which is not always the case, when people interfere on these occasions: he means also to propose its being in London, away from *your Lady Edgemores and Mrs. Pentons*. By-the-bye, I heard my Lord wonderfully praised in company, not long ago, for his respectful, and even kind behaviour to such a woman; and for his patience in bearing with the overpowering nonsense of her and her humble friend.

I see Mr. Dashwood's trial is coming on; Mr. Somerville lays great damages, and I trust the unprincipled coxcomb will be made an example of. I am sorry to send from this gay metropolis, an epistle so very humdrum, and so much composed of old fashion, common-place remarks; but I was never famous for letter-writing, nor had I ever abilities, to set down and form a lively epistle out of nothing. If I
was

was to tell you what is going on here, it could not interest you, as you are so totally unacquainted with our connections; adieu, therefore, my love; believe me,

Your entirely devoted, and

Affectionate mother,

A. AUBREY.



LETTER LXI.

From Miss Selway to her Mother.

WE were, my dear madam, some days since, agreeably surpris'd by the entrée of our travellers. The meeting of Louisa with the Marquis was very affecting; they had not seen each other since the sad catastrophe at Bath. I really never in my life, beheld two people so entirely with one heart, and I trust no impediment will arise to their being even nearer united. Sir Thomas was in raptures at seeing Miss Willoughby, and she did not dissemble the pleasure she experienced on their meeting. Her manners are uncommonly attracting; so much natural gaiety, such unstudied ele-

elegance, such openness and candor ; she is a delightful woman, certainly.

Monfieur de Cologne is ftill very weak, and his fpirits dejected beyond meafure ; it is my office to amufe and attend *him*, and I make a very *tolerable nurse*. The great art in his cafe, is driving away all reflection, without feeming to feek fuch an opportunity. There are vaft fources of entertainment here for a curious mind ; a choice collection of invaluable books, fine pictures, curiofities well felected ; and he does not feem fo loft, but to obferve them as I point them out, and attempts now and then to fmile, however foreign from his heart, as a token of approbation and gratitude to his phyfician. We expect his father to-morrow, as Mrs. Willoughby has fent him a moft preffing invitation, to allow her an opportunity of perfonally giving him her acknowledgements, for eforting Louifa in fafety to her own country, &c.

I am

I am rejoiced that my conduct has, in a late affair, given you so much satisfaction; it has amply repaid me for any little momentary regret I may have experienced. I had latterly, indeed, been made acquainted (through the same channel as you gained your intelligence) of Mr. Freeman's connection, and I confess it had great weight in my decision: I think, with Mr. Aubrey, that she has a prior claim, and as to any distinctions, I do not understand the several degrees of affection; one either does, or does not, possess the heart of a man: if *only* the respect you expect as a woman of virtue, is to mark the difference, I am afraid, in a man of Mr. Freeman's gay turn, *that* would not have due weight, after he had been some time married; it is much if his first love, with all her failings, might not easily alienate him from a wife.

I wish him happy, and I hope never to think of him again. Sir Thomas Stanhope, I observe, is very partial to him, and says, "In spite of a few prevailing foibles,

foibles, he has a good heart." That seems a cant phrase for every body who does not commit enormities now. We agreed, however, not to enter again upon the subject.

While in France I learned to play at chess, and I really am *an admirable performer*; I am not without hopes of prevailing on Monsieur de Cologne to engage with me in it, as it is the only thing in the shape of a game that he touches, and I am told he is a capital player. Happy shall I be, if I can find out the means of lessening the misery of this amiable young Frenchman; for the sake particularly of my friend his worthy father: I find from Louisa, that it is only very lately that he had discovered that their attachment was not mutual; he takes it bitterly to heart, which I am astonished at, as I should have conceived it would have lessened his regret, but it had quite a different effect. He has made the romantic request of being allowed to visit the cottage where Isabelle had

had so long resided; Mrs. Willoughby advises his being indulged, and I am to accompany him this evening thither, with our good hostess. The Marquis is so differently affected in his sorrow, that he cannot bear the thoughts of even seeing the road that leads to the cottage. I will not close my letter till our return; for the present, my dear mother, farewell.

We are just now arrived after a most painful, and melancholy scene, but which I hope will have salutary effects in the end, upon poor de Cologne, who certainly feels relief from having given vent to his sorrows; he was affected beyond measure, as he approached the cottage, and I verily thought would have fainted as he entered it; recovering himself in a few moments, he shed tears; and pointed out to Mrs. Willoughby the place Isabelle sat in, when he last beheld her there. "Here" said he, "Miss Selway, I opened my heart to my divine friend; I *thought* she did not receive the intelligence with pleasure; yet
I hoped

I hoped that her countenance was only expressive of sorrow for her brother ; I wish it had been so. In this very place she told me, how much misery his being attached to a Protestant, had occasioned her ; I endeavoured to correct the prejudice ; her brother joined us, and she talked to him in the same strain. In vain did we attempt to change her ; she remained fixed in her abhorrence, *and dread of the union* ; she expressed it stronger to me than to her brother ; tenderness for his affliction, and the sorrow she saw preying upon him, made her endeavour to suppress *all* she felt ; but he saw how it affected her ; yet his love and his misfortunes were equally unconquerable and irremediable.”

During this account, Mrs. Willoughby had strolled into the garden with the woman of the house, and I told him, I could not stay any longer, which induced him to consent to depart ; *his* being hurt by dwelling longer upon these minutiae, seemed to have

have no weight ; but politeness, and consideration for me made him at once yield to my intreaties ; he possesses, in an eminent degree, the *ci-devant* characteristic of his unfortunate nation.

To-morrow we shall visit the French family of whom we have heard so interesting an account : I do not doubt their answering the description ; I shall hope M. de Cologne will be of the party ; every new scene seems of service to him. The Marquis and Louisa have already began their studies ; she proposed to pursue them where they left off, in order I suppose to employ his moments so as to chase away reflection ; he said to me this morning, “ My dear Miss Selway, this puts me in mind of the days that are gone ; when the de Grammonts were living ; when I had a sister.” I replied “ You must also remember Marquis, that in those days *your* sister, was almost lost to you ; she is now in a happier state.” “ Very true,”
said

said he, but a tear must fall for so beloved a relative. I think myself a wonderful philosopher; what does Louisa think of my resolution?" She kissed his hand, and shed with him a tear; then bid him "attend to what they were engaged in" and I took this opportunity of producing to M. de Cologne (who just entered) the chess-board; and upon my expressing a wish to be amused, he consented readily to try my skill; his uncle, my Lord Ansley, is the most famous chess-player in England.

Since I wrote the above, the Marquis de Cologne has made us happy by his company, and has brought glorious tidings for Louisa and her lover; his Aunt is dead, and in her last moments has bequeathed all her fortune, which was very considerable, to her nephew and niece; it has been remitted to his agent in a most wonderful, secure manner, who found means to escape to England some time since; he happened to meet with our friend

friend Monsieur de Cologne, and was rejoiced to hear accounts of the Marquis, who is to set off to-morrow for the metropolis, and to be accompanied by Sir Thomas Stanhope, who has always business there; he has had an application from Mr. Elphinstone, for a living that he has the presentation of, and is just become vacant. The letter he wrote to the Baronet, was such as a cobbler would write to the King; not like one gentleman asking a favor of another, but in the most servile base style; he is a very contemptible being, but it being the request of Sir Thomas's father, he complies with the intreaty; he is a fit husband for Mrs. Penton, and I do not despair but this preferment may bring it about.

Mrs. Willoughby, with that hospitality that marks her character, has invited the two Monsieur de Colognes to continue here for some time, which they have agreed to; it will now be the business of

the

the whole party that is left, to amuse the young man.

We have just seen the gentlemen depart for town, and shall miss them extremely; the lovers here, are not like some I have heard described—for ever seeking *tete a tetes*, and avoiding the human eye.

We were charmed with Mad. de Louvre, though in extreme distress; M. de Louvre is but *just alive*; we brought away her little daughter; and I am resolved to join Louisa in being essentially her friend. The Marquis did not affect to *mourn* for his Aunt; he forgave her, he said; but as she was the cause of all his sister's woe, consequently of her illness, and death, he could not even remember her with affection—he is *pleased* however at her bequest; for if he had a fault, it was the mortification his pride *evidently felt*, at having no fortune to share with his darling Louisa.

I have written this amidst a number of
engage-

engagements and odd moments; to that,
(and not to disrespect) attribute it's inco-
herency. Adieu, my honored mother;

I am, most affectionately,

Your very dutiful daughter,

AUGUSTA SELWAY.



LETTER LXII.

Mrs. Aubrey to Miss Selway.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,

I BEGIN to grow extremely anxious, and impatient for your return, having lost so many years of your valuable company; I am not at all easy now under this tedious separation. I saw the Marquis de Villebon this morning; indeed he has called upon me several times; I was much pleased to learn by him how much *your patient* is recovered; you have taken a very pious method of returning in some degree the attentions shewn you, by his most excellent father; but my dear Augusta, guard your heart: I know not any disguise through which love

infi-

insinuates itself so frequently as compassion.

I know you will start at my telling you this, so soon after you had made confession even of so slight a partiality for Mr. Freeman; but you have not *entirely* been let into the secret by the little god, Cupid; and, by all accounts, the young Marquis de Cologne and his situation may be dangerous to an affectionate, susceptible mind.

The Marquis and Miss Conway's fortune together, will make them immensely rich; he has just purchased a fine house in Grosvenor Square; and is in treaty for a charming estate in Yorkshire, which will be the most agreeable part of the purchases to Louisa; I hope they will not delay their marriage now, as it is hard upon Sir Thomas Stanhope, to be so long kept single *against his will*. In your next, I hope you will be able to specify exactly the time I may expect to see you. Adieu,

Your's most affectionately,

A. AUBREY.

LETTER LXIII.

Miss Selway to her Mother.

Y OUR letter, my dear Madam, has but just reached me, and I perceive it has been written some time. We have been a tour, and I trust the Marquis has before this time informed you of it, and accounted for my unusual silence. Mrs. Willoughby had business in Northumberland that demanded her attendance, and she desired we would all accompany her, which we agreed to very readily, and I never remember passing my time so agreeable. The Marquis de Cologne has left his son; *and made him over entirely to us*; his health and spirits are wonderfully mended; he
seemed

seemed to take pleasure in every thing we saw, and every scene was equally new to him, Louisa, and myself; I thank you, my kind mother, *for your caution*; I must say that M. de Cologne's situation is *very* interesting, and his attractions very considerable; but the occasion of his misery always presents itself, by way of safe-guard to my remembrance. Mrs. Willoughby is quite fractious upon the occasion; and gives me often a *hint* of the success I have had with my patient; she prognosticates many impossibilities, and assured me that his father in a discourse they had together just before he quitted us, declared that, "If he could foresee a mutual attachment with his son and me, the anticipation would afford him the greatest delight; he added, that he already almost loved me as his daughter." I ventured to declare the improbability of his ever being gratified in that respect. I could immediately, my dear mother, obey your summons, but there is an idea of the unions of our friends being soon completed; the settlements are in hand, and the

ladies are making the usual preparations. Louisa has already sent Mademoiselle de Louvre to school; I am sorry to say, the poor child has lost her father: it was unlucky that the sad event happened during our absence, as Madame de Louvre stood in need of every consolation; their whole happiness of late has consisted in their affection for each other; she is with us now, and I foresee she will be a great acquisition to Mrs. Willoughby (who is very fond of her) when both her nieces are stolen from her.

I find Mr. Dashwood has to pay ten thousand pounds for his frolic; I rejoice at it, as I would have all such intruders on domestic happiness made pay most severely. What will become of the poor deluded woman! You will, I hope, my dear mother, accept my reasons, and apologies for not returning immediately, and believe me, as usual, your's, &c. &c. &c.

AUGUSTA SELWAY.

LETTER LXIV.

From the same to the same.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

THE lovers arrived here in *very good spirits*, as you may imagine, having brought down the papers to be signed, and having adjusted all their other business. Louisa and her cousin both appeared very serious, and looked much disconcerted, at being almost immediately required *to name the happy day*. Mrs. Willoughby joined me, however, in advising the gentlemen to protract *their importunities* upon the occasion, as there were few people who liked being taken by surprise: they consented not to say any thing more that night, which

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being

being adhered to, it restored *us all* to our original gaiety.

Monfieur de Cologne has recovered his vivacity at times, and, *to you* I must confess, that I have, without vanity, discovered, that he is never so happy, as when we are together: I find I am become *necessary to him*. Whatever he employs himself in, I must take my share; he looks at me, if he speaks English, to see if I approve, or blush for him, as he sometimes has told me; in short, my dear mother, he repeatedly says, "What am I to do when I go to Lord Ansley's, without my physician." I always tell him that, "I hope, by that time, he will not be in need of me." To-day he mentioned, his having been desired by his uncle to come there; and, taking my hand, he said, "Could I hope you would write me your prescriptions, when there, I should go with a better heart; I am afraid I shall, if you refuse, sink under the separation." I was somewhat confused, and do not ever remember

member being so much at a loss for a reply ; I could not help thinking to myself, how volatile the French were ; that in less than three months *he* should have forgot *Isabelle*, and begin really to *attach himself* to another person : I cannot deceive myself as to his meaning, he is *understood* by every one else ; I endeavour, however, to avoid the subject, but we have too many opportunities for me to succeed : I own *I* feel *more* than perhaps is consistent with what has lately passed, but I try, my dearest mother, to act as prudently, and with as much circumspection, as our situation here admits of.

Sir Thomas has heard from Mr. Wentworth ; *Mr. Freeman* is travelling with him, I find ; they are now in Germany, and propose going into Russia. Louisa frequently mentions Wentworth, and expresses a hope that the time may come, when he may be enough cured of his unlucky predilection in her favor, to be enabled to cultivate an intimacy with her

beloved Marquis. This is but a romantic idea, and I do not encourage it.

Since I began this letter, I understand *the day* is actually fixed, and the gentlemen are in high glee; Miss Willoughby is not *displeased*, but her friend Louisa is become serious, and more than usually thoughtful; I reproached her just now for not being *half as happy* as I expected: she replied, that, "She thought matrimony, even with her fair prospects, a very weighty affair. The uniting yourself," says she, "*for ever*, is a very solemn consideration; although the person to whom *I* am to be united, is even the Marquis de Villebon. I would not be understood not to receive pleasure myself in this alliance, or to be insensible to the joy it affords him; but I cannot help being serious, though I am upon the point of becoming the wife of the best, the most beloved of men." — I assured her it was unnecessary to enter into an explanation *with me*, who had so long and intimately known her. I perfectly under-

understood the delicacy of her feelings and sentiments, upon all points.

The Marquis de Cologne has, no doubt, informed you that he is coming on purpose to assist at the ceremony. Mrs. Willoughby, Madame de Louvre, and your humble servant attend them, and *my patient* intreats he may join the party.

Louisa has dedicated a thousand pounds to the use of the poor round Willoughby-Place, and purchased it into the stocks in her Aunt's name. I do not exactly know her determined plan, respecting Madame de Louvre, but she once said, she should take some delicate mode of raising a subscription, and putting down her name for five hundred pounds. If this takes place, here is a large party of her friends and admirers to contribute for her relief. In my next, I hope to fix when we are to meet, though I confess, I had rather it was in your sweet retirement: for my part, I think of all seasons, the spring is the most

delightful, in the country, though my fashionable friends tell me, it is much the most esteemed in London. Adieu, my dearest madam.

Your's most respectfully,

AUGUSTA SELWAY.



LETTER LXV.

Monsieur de Cologne, Jun. to Mrs. Aubrey.

MADAM,

WHERE shall I find words adequate to the intrusion I am at this moment guilty of? I tremble absolutely while I lay before you the subject of this letter. I conclude you have been informed that Miss Selway has done the office of a kind physician by me. I have felt nothing but gratitude; and *regret* that I should have lost so charming a companion, ever since I had the unhappiness of being separated from her; the death of lady Ansley (my uncle's wife) obliged me to quit my friends on the eve of their marriage: his lordship
was

was inconsolable, and required me to set off express, in hopes, I conclude, to derive comfort from my society : but, alas ! I have found my spirits again sinking to the lowest ebb, and I cannot but acknowledge that the attentions of the fascinating Augusta have rendered my being acceptable to her, and to you madam, absolutely necessary to my existence. I would not desire to deprive you of her under a twelve-month, from the time of a calamity which I shall never cease to remember with horror. Oh, madam ! At that time consent to accept me for your son ! I will ever be the devoted, grateful husband of Augusta. My father beseeches that if I have no influence, you will condescend to hear him upon the subject ; he has entered upon it with Augusta, who has promised him, with your consent, to be mine ; I need not speak to you upon fortune ; you are well acquainted with my expectations : and I am proud to say, that *my character* will bear scrutiny. Accuse me not of levity in *so soon* yielding my heart to my angelic friend ;

friend; I was soothed by her attentions, and convinced by the perpetual opportunities I had of observing her, that she was framed to make me even yet happy; in me it originated from gratitude; in her the favorable impression I have been so fortunate as to make, proceeded originally from her compassion to my sufferings; I own now with heart-felt satisfaction that I think we are become necessary to each other, and that we should *both* feel concerned if there was not a prospect of our being again in the habit of conversing together; forgive my presumption; do not condemn me, or let me a second time be deprived of my fondest hope.

DE COLOGNE.



LETTER LXVI.

From Miss Selway to the same.

MY DEAR MADAM,

MRS. Willoughby took upon herself the agreeable task of informing you, that she had disposed of her nieces at least to her satisfaction; though between you, and I, she was some days previous to the marriage unusually low spirited; the idea of parting from them both (who where so deservedly dear to her) affected her much; but they soon relieved her, by reiterated assurances of never suffering her to be without one of them either at their own, or her house; the gentlemen united in
these

these promises, and restored the dear old woman to her wonted cheerfulness.

I never beheld four people more perfectly happy than our friends after the ceremony was concluded; Louisa's interesting countenance charmed all who beheld her; they both looked divinely, though dressed in the most simple neat style.

I never saw two finer couple in all my life; immediately after the ceremony, we set off for the beautiful seat of Sir Thomas Stanhope, the finest place in the county of Derby; though there is remaining more wood, and enclosure than seems the task of the present day; he is very fractious about it, and tells his lady that, "But for her, it would have been much modernized in a year or two, as he certainly *must* have hewn down *half the timber*;" she assures him "It is much better as it is."

It is impossible to describe the Marquis's

quis's happiness; *he* is quite a new being. When we remember his sufferings, and the constancy of his affection, it is easy to guess what a state of felicity he must now enjoy.

Louisa's *solemnity* is laid aside, and she does not seem *the least* happy of the circle.

After the necessary visits are received and paid, they *think* of going to the Marquis de Villebon's, in Grosvenor Square; they do not mean to part from Madame de Louvre. I cannot say, she *wears weeds* fashionably; for poor thing, she mourns with all her heart; I have used all my physical arts in vain there; but *time* I hope will have its usual effect; at present her grief will have its course. I must now speak seriously as to the result of *my attentions* to M. de Cologne; a summons from Lord Ansley to attend his Aunt's funeral, brought by my old friend, gave him only half an hour to prepare, and
to

to explain himself to me ; he began by expressing his gratitude, and in beseeching I would sometimes *write to him* ! I was surprised at the request, and confused at his manner ; he perceived plainly that *anger* had no part in the sentiments he occasioned, and, taking advantage, called in his father (knowing his power and my obligation there) in the most interesting language ; he intreated that he would make use of *his* influence with me, not to suffer him to depart without *one* favorable word. “ I love Miss Selway, I honor, I respect her ; she is to me every thing in the world except your venerable self.” His father pressed my hand to his lips, and addressed me in the kindest manner. “ Do Augusta, listen to him, my dear, dear girl, my protégée, and I shall bless the hour when I saved you from dangers, and brought you in safety to these happy shores.” I referred him to you, my dear mother, and ventured to declare, that if *you* consented, I would not withhold mine, at a future period. This afforded infinite

fatis-

satisfaction to both, and he took his leave, desiring me, "To remember my patient," as he tore himself from my presence.

Your determination I shall hope soon to receive, and allow me, in the fullness of my heart, to confess, that his sorrows, his merit, his perfections, have made an everlasting impression upon me. Much do I hope you will allow me, through life to be his solace, his tender friend. Adieu.

Your's, my dear Madam, &c.

AUGUSTA SELWAY.



LETTER LXVII.

Mrs. Aubrey to her Daughter.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,

SHOULD you and *your patient* continue in the same wish, seven months hence, you shall have my hearty concurrence; but pardon me, if I express my doubts, seeing that he has much sooner than I expected, *forgot* his Isabelle. Mr. Aubrey desires me to say, *from him*, "That your amiable disposition, and laudable actions, deserve so great a prize;" and we both rejoice, as it is so much the wish of your protector and best friend, M. de Cologne, to be able to render him any pleasure.

I con-

I congratulate all parties upon the late event, and hope it will be productive of all the happiness it is reasonable to hope, from souls so congenial. Adieu, my most dear Augusta, be assured that there is no one thing so near my heart as your felicity.

In haste, your's,

A. AUBREY.



LETTER LXVIII.

Sir Thomas Stanhope to Mr. Freeman.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,

I PROMISED to inform Wentworth when the indissoluble knot was tied, and I thank God the happy event has taken place. You will be very delicate how you relate to him, that Villebon has been rewarded for his constancy by the hand of his lovely Louisa. I hope new scenes will give a new turn to your thoughts, as I am of opinion now, that you have lost *all chance* with Augusta: I speak this in friendship; and having an abundance of company to receive, I must conclude, after wishing you all your spirits again,

again, corrected by *my* prudence; and subscribing myself,

Your most happy, but still

Sincere friend,

THOMAS STANHOPE.



LETTER LXIX.

Mr. Freeman to Sir Thomas Stanhope.

I HAVE this moment received your letter, it having been twelve days following me: I conclude, by this time, you are enough disengaged to read a few lines from your absent friend.

Wentworth bore the information you sent *like a hero*: in our travels, for want of a more desirable confidant, he has revealed to me the secret of his hopeless love: he desires I will trouble you to offer his sincere wishes for her happiness, and that his prayers must still attend her night and day.

For my own part, I shall never cease to admire *Augusta*, but I begin to find I am to be cured. I have heard from a *certain person*; she certainly has claims upon me, and I begin to think, *at last*, I shall turn out a penitent, and a very honest fellow. It would have been a sad affair, if this person had been capable of bringing me thus about, if I *had* become the husband of Miss Selway, and I cannot say it might not have been so, after the influence she has had six years, joined to the affection I feel for my brats. I hope Miss Selway will have the good fortune to meet with a man thoroughly worthy of her, and above all things, an undivided heart. Farewell; God bless you; our sincere congratulations attend you.

CHARLES FREEMAN.

LETTER LXX.

Miss Selway to Mrs. Aubrey.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE written to the Marquis de Cologne about his son, and sent him my candid and undisguised sentiments in his favor. I shall (as I have your permission) look upon myself as engaged to him: I hope soon to have the real happiness of seeing you, and I shall never leave you again for an instant, till the time arrives for me to be claimed by my patient.

We have been several days returned to Willoughby-Place, though Sir Thomas was detained in Derbyshire to receive, &c. the visits of his neighbours. Lady Stan-

Stanhope was extremely admired, and made herself infinitely agreeable to all the visitors, though to be sure, among them there were a few *quiz* gentlewomen. Every one paid the highest compliments to Sir Thomas, for the happy choice he had made, and my darling Louisa, though acting, and appearing there, only in the back ground, was *observed* for her unadorned elegance, by the *observing* few.

Mrs. Willoughby is the happiest of all human beings; and if I was not going to my beloved and honored parents, I should with infinite regret, quit a society, where I enjoy so much felicity.

Adieu, till we meet; all here unite in kindest, best regards.

AUGUSTA SELWAY.

FINIS.

